

# ZION'S HERALD

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## CONTENTS OF NO. XXXVIII.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	445
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED PAPERS.—Christ our All in All (poem); Notes on German Universities, by Rev. James E. Latimer; "Policies Written against Death;" The Jesuits on the Lakes	446
Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By (poem); Politics and the Pulpit; Abraham; John Wesley and Matthias Joyce; In Quiet Days; Holding On	447
FOR THE CHILDREN.—Old Maxims. I. (poem) by Alice Cary; "Quick, Father!" "Jesus can Save Me;" Enigma No. 30; John B. Gough's Boyhood; The Baby's Drawer. FROM HERE AND THERE	448
CORRESPONDENCE.—Maine Items. OUR BOOK TABLE	449
EDITORIAL.—The Down East College; Firing in Our Own Ranks	450
Humboldt's Centenary; The Liberal Christian; The Missionary Call	451
Items; Notes; Personal; Temperance in New Hampshire	452
THE METHODIST CHURCH.—New Hampshire; Vermont Items; Massachusetts; Mississippi; Indiana; Conference Vote	453
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.—Mission Field; General Intelligence. CAMP-MEETINGS.—Lyndon; Keamsage; Northport	454
THE FARM AND GARDEN.—SCIENCE AND ART.—THE RIGHTeous DEAD	455
THE SECULAR WORLD.—News Notes; Commercial; Marriages; Deaths; Church Register	456

**ONLY BELIEVE.**—There are many souls pricked in the heart by the appeals which they have heard at the late camp-meetings, who are anxiously asking, How shall I enter into that peace the preacher painted, the congregation sang, the believer proclaimed as his possession, and which my soul so ardently craves? You pine in secret places. You fall before God in your chamber. You look into His sacred Word. You are unhappy in your sins, and not happy in your Saviour. "How shall I find Him whom my soul loveth?" Only believe. Faith is no mere assertion of belief, it is believing itself. It is not saying, but acting; not a word of the lip, but a casting of the heart upon God. As you pray, look and live. Consecrate yourself to your Redeemer. Solemnly and entirely place yourself on His eternal altar. Declare before Him, to Him, and in Him, your honest, clear, complete purpose to be His disciple forever. Look, then, upon Him to whom you have thus dedicated all your powers and being, in eternal devotion. See His sacrifice for you, His love for you, His intercession for you, and His yearning for you; and as you look, believe. Can you doubt that love that you solicit, when it beams upon you from overflowing eyes? Can you doubt the pardon you crave, when the hand, and eye, and lip of Him you have offended, all speaking forgiveness, are outstretched, outbeaming, outspoken to you? Much less can you, will you doubt Christ's abounding grace to your accepting soul. Cling to that purpose of your heart till salvation breaks upon you. Go not back to the wicked and cowardly life that is so fiercely drawing you from Christ. Resist the devil in these guises. Fasten your whole being to Jesus. Nail your affections to the cross. Stand firm to this purpose, and new life shall flood your being with all the fullness of God. The darkness, weakness, unbelief will depart. You will feel that it is the easiest and happiest thing in the world to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved!

The Maine Temperance ticket polled about five thousand votes. It was honestly opposed by many leading Temperance men, and with much show of reason, for the successful ticket put Prohibition into its platform. Yet it was not without its influence. Every successful reform is slow to begin. And the necessities of the case may shoot this up into power earlier

than its enemies, or even its friends, now imagine. The strife on Temperance will not abate until the grogshop, the bar, the sale of intoxicating drinks, in any shape, as a beverage, becomes a vanished institution. Maine, in this act, has led the nation in a course she will yet follow. These five thousand were most ardent, if not the most ardent believers in the best ideas of the other parties. They will yet absorb into themselves the moral and religious voters of all the land.

*The Congregationalist* misinterprets our statement, that "open bars are obsolete in Boston." It says: "There are multitudes of places on our prominent business streets where intoxicating liquors are sold openly, in violation of the statute. *The Boston Journal* is right in its statements on this subject."

THE HERALD has never denied that statement. We only said that "open bars are obsolete." They were when we stated it. Their existence *The Congregationalist* does not affirm. That liquor is illegally sold, is true. That it is freely and openly sold, is true, at tables and by all sorts of sellers, and in all sorts of quarters. Richmond was not taken when Fort Donelson was. The sale over bars ceased; in that form only. They may have reopened, though we are not aware of the fact, nor has *The Congregationalist* asserted it. *The Journal* advocates a License law, or a Prohibitory law with liberal exceptions, as the only ones that can be enforced. Does *The Congregationalist*? The city is far from cleansed. It is making a violent effort to break the bands asunder which virtuous legislation put around it. Will these papers aid it in this work? *The Congregationalist* truly says:—

"Temptation abounds. Let no man who is in danger of yielding, unnecessarily expose himself by coming hither. Let parents who have young sons who are here, or are coming hither, look closely after them. Boston has long been a bad place for boys who are susceptible to the various temptations to a 'fast' life. Gamblers and prostitutes abound, and may very easily be found by those whose low instinct inclines them to the search, while the thirsty are able to gratify their thirst in legions of places."

Will this course of evil be stayed if the enemy overthrows the law? And that will certainly be done, if those who are struggling even to partially enforce it, are not encouraged in their task.

But few prayers were ever uttered more appropriate than that of Dr. Walker at the Humboldt meeting. It was one that every student of Nature ought to write over his laboratory and repeat every day. Had Prof. Agassiz or Humboldt himself, studied in its spirit, the latter would not now be the subject of fierce debate as to whether or no he was an Atheist, nor the former use such language towards the Bible and Christian doctrine as even appeared in his Memoir, and which he also used at the American Academy at Salem, when he declared:—

"I can see in that place of instruction (i. e. of the Peabody Academy), an influence which will dispel the obscurities which still remain in the community, concerning things in which we are all interested—the future eternal life—and yet of which we do not dare to speak, because that which we should have to say goes contrary to some of the long-cherished convictions with which the community is imbued, holding to them as sacred doctrine, when we already know better."

May he and all his collaborators repeat daily this

prayer of President Walker's. We copy it from *The Transcript*:—

"O Thou infinite source of life and light, we invoke Thy blessing on these services in the memories they awaken and the hopes they inspire. We acknowledge and adore that Providence by which gifted men are raised up from time to time to make us better acquainted with the heavens which declare Thy glory and with the earth which shows Thy handiwork. Impress, we beseech Thee, upon the great masters of science that they also are prophets sent to reveal the thoughts and the ways of the living God. Suffer not the rapid increase of natural light to dazzle our eyes or obscure or confuse that divine light which comes from Thy word, and from the instincts and aspirations of the human soul, so that science and faith may reverently work together for the good of man and the glory of God, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The Boston Coliseum is up for a raffle. Why can't the Pope put up the Roman Coliseum? Puritan Boston sets a fine example to Papal Rome. Both are ruins, but the younger must be made to pay even in its debris. The rafters hang every way, what are left of them, and a crowd in it may bring the beams upon their heads. The city authorities ought to forbid any assemblages there. The Catholics were to have bands, crowds, and a godless display there. We hoped it was abandoned, but it seems that it is to be carried out, with special trains and other abominations. The owners should respect the Jubilee with which it is associated, and not soil its name with this profanation.

*The Presbyterian* makes this urgent appeal to our colleges. Shall it be in vain?

"TITLES WANTED.—It is said that of three hundred Presbyterian ministers in Canada, only nine are Doctors of Divinity. We respectfully submit to our colleges that here is a case of quite lamentable destitution, and near enough to claim a speedy notice and quick relief. Why send the sonorous title across the Atlantic, when there is such a 'plentiful lack' of it just across the St. Lawrence? Moreover, the chance is that the honor will be meekly accepted in the New Dominion, while over the water we know that the parchments have been thrown back to us with words of scorn by such 'Philistines' as George Gilfillan. Nay, more, some have even dared to write to our Secretary of Legation at London, to see whether the college named in the diploma received, had a real existence, and was courteously answered in soothing terms by the official addressed. But shall we permit such foul scorn to be done to the learned and discriminating curators of our colleges by these discourteous Scotchmen? Nay; let our degrees be rather thrown at the untitled heads of the Canadians. If they should decline them, it will add another to the list of grievances, which will soon be large enough to justify us in annexing that icy land to our great Republic. Let the painful destitution, then, be speedily relieved. We are only sorry that the summer shower of these dignities has just passed over, and that our friends in the New Dominion will have to wait, until, in another season, there comes a similar fall of the soft and pleasant rain."

Why has no American college yet dared to D. D. Wm. Morley Punahon? Are they afraid to bell the cat? They seek high game. Where's the higher? Why pass over the real ministerial giants, and drop their crowns on common brows? Dub Mr. Punahon.

A WISE JUDGE.—Much has been said, and deservedly, in condemnation of Judge Barnard, of New York. But a late decision of his, refusing to protect a stock gambler, and declaring all such jobbing gambling, is pretty near right. If the courts would so adjudge, a great deal of good would appear on that least of good places, the stock exchange.



## Original and Selected Papers.

## CHRIST OUR ALL IN ALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN, "JUST AS I AM."

I need no other plea  
With which to approach my God,  
Than His own mercy, boundless, free;  
Through Christ on man bestowed;  
A Father's love, a Father's care,  
Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest  
Than one High Priest above;  
His intercession ne'er has ceased  
Since first I knew His love;  
Through that my faith shall never fail,  
Even when passing death's dark vale.

I need no human ear  
In which to pour my prayer;  
My great High Priest is ever near,  
On Him I cast my care:  
To Him, Him only I confess,  
Who only can absolve and bless.

I need no prayers to saints,  
Beads, relics, martyr's shrines;  
Hardships 'neath which the spirit faints,  
Yet still, sore burdened, pines:  
Christ's service yields my soul delight,  
Easy His yoke, His burden light.

I need no other book  
To guide my steps to heaven,  
Than that on which I daily look,  
By God's own Spirit given;  
And this, when He illumines our eyes,  
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no priestly mass,  
No purgatorial fires,  
My soul to annal, my guilt to efface,  
When this brief life expires:  
Christ died, my eternal life to win,  
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no other dress,  
I urge no other claim,  
Than His imputed righteousness;  
In Him complete I am:  
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide;  
No passport do I need beside.

## NOTES ON GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

A literary pilgrim who has wandered across the sea and a continent to plant his staff, for a time, at the door of one of these ancient seats of learning, is very likely to overestimate the advantage which shall come to him from a brief or even a longer sojourn. The arrangements are on so magnificent a scale, the provinces of science are so carefully mapped out and so thoroughly explored, the corps of professors is so large and individuals among them are so famous, the facilities for investigation are so many and so complete, that a kind of glamour floats over the whole field of vision, and the university system seems without a flaw. Yet there is very much in the same that is incomplete, much that is out of all relation to practical life, much that could be bettered by an approach to the methods of American education. It is true that a German university cannot be compared, in method and results accomplished, with an American college, without great limitations. The system of education in Germany is so entirely different from ours, the gymnasia are so vastly superior to our seminaries, and are so nearly on a footing with our colleges as regards range of study and thoroughness of drill, and the universities are so perfectly free from any limitations as to what departments shall be entered and how long they shall be pursued, that it is impossible to make an out and out comparison of the two. One finds here the students more mature, though of the same average age as with us. There is a purpose to study and an eagerness in the pursuit chosen, that characterizes only the better scholars in our American colleges. No roll-call summons the student to his seat, and yet it is scarce ever vacant. No poor freshman submits to "hazing" here, for all have "academic freedom." No sensitive, dignified professor is insulted by thoughtless students or smoked out of his lecture-room by vile concoctions on the stove. There is a manliness and an earnestness and a singleness of aim that is lacking in our colleges. But academic freedom brings with it its own compensations. Dignity is often insulted, honor is attacked, and the duellist's code is called into requisition. Even yet, in some of the universities more than others, skirmishes with swords are no very rare occurrence. The perfect freedom from all restraint leads to questionable associations and frequent carousals and multifarious societies, so easy to be perverted to political purposes, as were the Burschenschaften of an earlier day.

So this complete freedom of choice as regards the studies to be pursued in these "High Schools" as they term them, with all its advantage of concurrence with the aim in life and the mental bias of the individual, has the fearful disadvantage of making the scholar one-sided in his development, because he avoids that very discipline which would have supplemented his defects and rounded out his intellectual character.

In like manner we may say, that the Lecture system is here carried to a fatal extreme. Everything, absolutely, is left to the whim or the diligence of the individual student. The ambitious, conscientious youth will accompany the lectures by the course of study marked out so skillfully

by the professor, but the careless one will do but little more than listen to these generalizations of his instructor. It is patent to every one who will think seriously of the matter, that the American extreme of class drill is far to be preferred to the other extreme of the European universities. We have well-nigh no lectures, they have no class drill. Whether they will learn from us or no, we may improve our colleges vastly by a judicious use of the Lecture system. But I did not design so solemn a view of the matter when I took my pen in hand to jot down these "notes." I intended only a crayon sketch of the aspect of a foreign university to a Yankee observer. It seems a little strange at first (but nothing is more common), to enter a lecture-room and find fifty or more young men awaiting the coming of the professor, many of whom are smoking away, as if the cigar were a necessary preparation for the subject in hand. Really, to a modest man who don't smoke, it seems quite formidable. But the professors do not mind it, and it does not take long for an American to become acclimated. I was once invited to attend a theological gathering, summoned for the purpose of exegetical discussion. At the hour appointed I made my way to the hotel (for every society holds its meetings at some public house), and found the students already assembled, each with his cigar and pot of beer, ready to enter upon the business of the evening. The topic brought forward was the authorship of one of the Epistles, and with great thoroughness was it discussed. But I thought how incongruous to our American ideas is such a junction of theology and beer, and how strange is that mode of life that sees no incongruity therein. Even grave societies close their anniversaries by adjourning to a near hotel and eat and drink themselves into universal satisfaction. It happens often in a lecture that the professor wishes his auditors to give more than a passing hearing to what he says. So he dictates slowly, and every pen is in motion. Should he proceed too rapidly, or should he not be understood, he is made aware of it by a low grunt passing from one to another, till the whole lecture-room seems a vast pen. Many of these dictations are in the Latin language, and thus perpetuate the learned usage of a darker age.

Sometimes after a lecture has begun, the door will open softly and some tardy youth will creep cautiously to his seat. But it is an experiment that one will not often try, for the hiss that rises on every lip is absolutely stunning. The instructions begin early in the morning, and continue long after daylight is needful. From eight A. M. to seven P. M., during every hour, from five to twenty-five professors are unfolding the stores of their learning to eager hearers. Everything that can be comprehended in the four departments of Philosophy, Theology, Law, and Medicine, is here discussed. Men whose names have travelled the circuit of the globe, bring forward the rich treasures of their minds, and display them to the youth that crowd the seats. What astonishes an American is the almost microscopic division of a department here, so that what one professor teaches with us is distributed among twenty. Hence the accurate acquaintance which a German professor has with his department, and the noble books which these men have given to the world. So, too, we are surprised that the professors in the same general province, are so entirely independent of and even antagonistic to each other. For instance, in Leipzig, among the philosophers, Ahrens is of the school of Krause, Drobisch follows Herbart, and Fricke follows nobody. In Halle, Erdmann is a scholar of Hegel, and Ulrich forever combats him. The attendance upon the lectures depends wholly upon the man who delivers them. He must be famous and he must be faithful to fill his auditorium. So Delitzsch is greeted by near a hundred auditors and Tischendorf speaks to half a dozen. I have heard it mentioned as a proof that Philosophy is losing its hold upon the Germans, that Michelet, of Berlin, lectures to empty seats. But this instance proves nothing at all, for Michelet is the wickedest of all the Hegelians, and then Erdmann of Halle, an avowed Hegelian of the evangelical wing, speaks to large auditoriums. Let any man who thinks of Philosophy that its "occupation is gone," visit Jena, where Kuno Fischer enthralles his listeners, and where every third student is a philosopher.

My sketch is plainly incomplete, but my frame is full to repletion. So I will close by wishing that every true student from over the sea, may have the inestimable privilege of treading these learned halls, and appropriating some of the treasures which the centuries have here piled together.

JAMES E. LATIMER.

## "POLICIES WRITTEN AGAINST DEATH."

We shall not designate which insurance company has the misfortune to make such reckless promises. We can defy most of our enemies with money, but not the devil, nor sin, nor death. We may purchase a degree of pecuniary security for our families, in case of our decease, but we can insure neither them nor ourselves against the last enemy, by any payment of this world's treasure. We may write policies against the King of Terrors on imposing parchments and have them signed by a host of millionaires—it will make no difference.

But there is an Insurance Company which takes life risks and makes immortality certain. Its capital is inexhaustible; its manager is absolutely incorruptible; its terms

are so reasonable that the poorest—widows with only one mite—can secure a perpetual policy. Its sure word of promise is profitable for this world and the next also; not expiring, never fully paid up, though always paying richly, beyond even the expectation of the policy-holder.

Lest any should think that we are advertising a high-sounding swindle, we not only give the very highest vouchers for all that we have said, but also invite anybody and everybody to examine the books of the company, which are at all times open to inspection. No one need travel to New York or Boston to do this, for there has been an office located in almost every town in the country, and authorized agents have been appointed in every hamlet, each furnished with complete and accurate copies of the constitution, by-laws, history, and business accounts of the institution.

Simply for the purpose of attracting attention to that which concerns every human being's safety, and inducing those whom we love to investigate and judge for themselves, we give below statistics and testimonials which amply support all that we have said.

The manager is the Lord Jesus Christ, whose official titles are, Captain of our Salvation, Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace, Holy One of Israel, Redeemer, and so on, as you will find them in the archives. He has the supreme control of the company; He only has immortality. Yet it is, in a large sense, a mutual concern; as is indicated by another of His titles, Elder Brother, which implies that the other members are younger brothers, belong to a fraternity where everything is shared on principles which go beyond equity. The policies are issued in the manager's name, "for there is no other given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved." Acts iv. 12. The honor of the manager is pledged for the life of the insured—the promise He gives is eternal life. 1 John ii. 25. As to the lowliness of the premiums, here is the offer made without reservation to everybody: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath NO MONEY, come and buy without money and without price." You will see that the language is somewhat figurative. Another statement is, "Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely." This shows that immortality is what is promised—in other words, that the policies are "written against death." Yet I must warn you that, free as the invitation is, and reasonable as are all the conditions of belonging to this Mutual Life Ins. Co., yet the manager is very strict in requiring compliance with them.

There must be patient continuance in well-doing by those who seek for immortality—no running off to join the company of the world, the flesh, and the devil, a rival which is full of deceitful promises and very popular with the crowd. The premiums to be paid are not gold and silver, nor do they become due annually. They are payable both in outward deeds and in the thoughts and intents of the heart; payable every day and hour and moment of existence; payable at the mercy-seat which is everywhere, and in the receipt of custom which is almost everywhere; wherever you can get a chance to speak a word for Christ, or help a sinner or a saint, or kill a wicked passion or breathe an honest prayer.

The secret of this is, that the Lord Jesus Christ has Himself paid the premium for us all; He gave Himself a ransom for us; died once for all; that they might have eternal life.

One of the former members, a lawyer, who testified his confidence by taking a Life Agency without salary, said: "The wages of sin" (sin service in Satan's company), "is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Will you insure in this company, the only one which can write a policy against eternal death? . . .

## THE JESUITS ON THE LAKES.

[From proof-sheet of Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," in press by Little, Brown, & Co.]

What were the Jesuits doing? Since the ruin of their great mission of the Hurons, a perceptible change had taken place in them. They had put forth exertions almost superhuman, set at naught famine, disease, and death, lived with the self-abnegation of saints and died with the devotion of martyrs; and the result of all had been a disastrous failure. From no shortcoming on their part, but from the force of events beyond the sphere of their influence, a very demon of havoc had crushed their incipient churches, slaughtered their converts, uprooted the populous communities on which their hopes had rested, and scattered them in bands of wretched fugitives far and wide through the wilderness. They had devoted themselves in the fullness of faith to the building up of a Christian and Jesuit empire on the conversion of the great stationary tribes of the Lakes; and of these none remained but the Iroquois, — the destroyers of the rest, among whom, indeed, was a field which might stimulate their zeal by an abundant promise of sufferings and martyrdoms; but which, from its geographical position, was too much exposed to Dutch and English influence to promise great and decisive results. Their best hopes were now in the North and the West; and thither, in great part, they had turned their energies.

We find them on Lake Huron, Lake Superior, and Lake Michigan, laboring vigorously as of old, but in a spirit not quite the same. Now, as before, two objects inspired their zeal, the "greater glory of God," and the influence and credit of the order of Jesus. If the one motive had somewhat lost in power, the other had gained. The epoch of the saints and martyrs was passing away; and henceforth



we find the Canadian Jesuit less and less an apostle, more and more an explorer, a man of science, and a politician. The early reports of the missions are still, for the edification of the pious reader, stuffed with intolerable tedious stories of baptisms, conversions, and the exemplary deportment of neophytes; for these have become a part of the formula; but they are relieved abundantly by more mundane topics. One finds observations on the winds, currents, and tides of the Great Lakes; speculations on a subterranean outlet of Lake Superior; accounts of its copper-mines, and how we, the Jesuit fathers, are laboring to explore them for the profit of the colony; surmises touching the North Sea, the South Sea, the Sea of China, which we hope ere long to discover; and reports of that great mysterious river of which the Indians tell us, — flowing southward, perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps to the Vermilion Sea, — and the secrets whereof, with the help of the Virgin, we will soon reveal to the world.

The Jesuit was as often a fanatic for his order as for his faith; and oftener yet, the two fanaticisms mingled in him inextricably. Ardently as he burned for the saving of souls, he would have none saved on the Upper Lakes except by his brethren and himself. He claimed a monopoly of conversion, with its attendant monopoly of toil, hardship, and martyrdom. Often disinterested for himself, he was inordinately ambitious for the great corporate power in which he had merged his own personality; and here lies one cause, among many, of the seeming contradictions which abound in the annals of the order.

Prefixed to the *Relation* of 1671 is that monument of Jesuit hardihood and enterprise, the map of Lake Superior; a work of which, however, the exactness has been exaggerated, as compared with other Canadian maps of the day. While making surveys, the priests were diligently looking for copper. Father Dablon reports that they had found it in greatest abundance on Isle Minong, now Isle Royale. "A day's journey from the head of the lake, on the south side, there is," he says, "a rock of copper weighing from six hundred to eight hundred pounds, lying on the shore where any who pass may see it;" and he farther speaks of great copper boulders in the bed of the River Ontonagon.

#### JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

A blind man sat by the highway side;  
O'erhead the sun shone bright and fair,  
The green fields stretched in verdure wide,  
And flowers bloomed bright and lovely there.  
But all was dark to his sightless eyes,  
Alike were the fields and the deep blue sky;  
He hears the words — "Be healed!" he sees;  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

In a gorgeous hall a blind man sits,  
Blind to all but his love of gain;  
Blind to his soul's immortal needs,  
Blind to his brother's grief and pain.  
Lo! the morning star in the east appears,  
Its rays light up his darkened eye;  
He lifts his wondering gaze and sees  
Jesus of Nazareth passing by.

A beggar kneels at the mercy-seat,  
Weary and wounded and sick with sin;  
Without there seems no ray of light,  
And all is guilt and gloom within.  
Humbly he bows his head and prays;  
The sun gleams forth from a cloudless sky.  
From guilt and sin he's free. Behold!  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

A mourner sits by a new made grave;  
In all the works of Nature's God,  
One form, and one alone, she sees,  
That, dreamless, sleeps beneath the sod.  
She heeds not duty's stern behest,  
Nor the starry crown that waits on high,  
For she is blind. Ah, now she sees!  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

LILY.

**POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.** — The Southern Bishops, in their response to our Bishops, seem to think politics and the Church are two separate affairs. Rev. James Mitchell in *The Methodist Advocate* answers this position with much ability. He says: —

It is the duty of the Christian pulpit to defend each and all of the ten precepts of the moral law, let the attack thereon come from what quarter it may, whether from the dens of vice or from the legislative halls of States, and to denounce open and bold violations of that law, be the criminals individuals, or constitutional assemblies, and at proper times and in a becoming manner, to manufacture and direct public sentiment, so as to correct such wrongs against the law of God.

Each of the precepts of the second table of the law of God has a political complexion and bearing, and is the root of voluminous legislation, executive and judicial action, treasured up, reproduced from age to age, and acted on by all Christian States. To ignore this fact is to betray an unpardonable ignorance of human government and policy, or would look like a trick to deceive the ignorant.

You cannot preach a sermon on the fifth commandment, the first precept of the second table, without discussing the duty of children to parents, and parents to children, as well as family, municipal, and State government in such a way as to offend the ear of the advocate of slavery; for the legislation of that institution ignored the relation of parent and child. You cannot preach a sermon on the sixth commandment, the second precept in the second table, in the spirit of Christ's comment thereon in his sermon on the mount,

but you not only endorse and approve the legislation and judicial decision of ages, defend the policy of your statesmen in honoring this Divine defense of life, but you enter the chambers of the soul, and attack the spring of murder and manslaughter, — malignant anger. It is well known that the commerce between master and slave was too strong a temptation to violence to be resisted by many. Let me remind you of Jefferson's opinion on this point.

Let it be further remembered that the seventh commandment, the third precept in the second table, is of such a character that to defend and enforce it, was not only to honor the legislation of righteous States, but to attack the legislation and customs of the South, whereby this precept of Heaven had been ignored and dishonored.

So of the eighth commandment. It cannot be discussed without standing on political ground. Nor can the ninth or tenth be properly handled by the pulpit if the relation they bear to the rights of man be ignored, and the rights of man are matters of public policy.

Very happily does he conclude: —

Satan is an intelligence of wondrous skill and wisdom, malignant it is true, but nevertheless great in wisdom and in power. He stole the second table of the law from the people of the South, and he is now trying to wrench the first table out of the hands and hearts of the people of the North. We need the strong men of the Church South to aid us in this struggle, while they need the Christian humanitarianism and morality of the Northern schools. Blend the two together, and we are ready for the storm that Satan and his aids, we fear, are now maturing for this land.

**ABRAHAM.** — I have known what it was to sit down in the sight of four hundred thousand human beings, and have the consciousness that there was not a soul among them all that even in theory knew my Saviour; and when the holy Sabbath came there was no sound of a church-going bell, no Christian temple, no congregation, no religious association whatsoever except our family altar. I had sympathy with the father of the faithful as he stood up alone and singular for the Lord in Canaan; but I realize that there was no comparison in regard to him and to myself. I had a Church history, antecedents in piety, religious biographies, and a praying people behind me to sustain my hands, and I knew that I was not alone; but Abraham lived in an age of the world when there was not a single help of this class, before a page of the Bible had been written, before there was a religious biography put on record, and when religion was, in a great measure, an untried and blessed reality. There he stood alone amidst the fallen ruins around him, amidst the idolatry of that country. O! what would he have given if the Bible and our hymnology had laid upon his table! But he had no such help; no congregation, no Sabbath, no hymnology, none but the all-sufficient God; and the Lord intended that he should realize that He was more than means, more than earthly help, and more than antecedents; that all that he required for his religious life his God would abundantly supply; that grace should be given equal to his day; that his shoes should be iron and brass, and that God would make him equal to every emergency.

And He did. Forty centuries have passed over, and where will you find a man that will measure in piety as high as he stands even now, head and shoulders above all his spiritual posterity? His faith was so great he only asked that God should say the word, and laughed at impossibilities, and said: "It shall be done." He credited all the Almighty said, and against hope believed in hope. Now, this all-sufficient grace that developed such a character, sustained such a glorious faith, and made his record so brilliant in the history of piety, was the result of his confidence in the sufficiency of that grace that God could make to rest upon his heart and upon his circumstances. — REV. DR. BUTLER, in the *N. Y. Observer*.

#### JOHN WESLEY AND MATTHIAS JOYCE.

Matthias Joyce, a papist, one of the vilest of the vile, went to hear Mr. Wesley preach in Dublin, and though he did not understand him, says, "His hoary hairs and grave deportment commanded my respect and gained my affections. What endeared him to me still more was seeing him stoop down and kiss a little child that sat on the pulpit stairs." That kiss melted his hard heart, and he became one of Mr. Wesley's itinerant ministers, useful in life, triumphant in death.

#### JOHN WESLEY AND THE INQUIRING PREACHER.

The death of Methodism has often been predicted, and there has been much anxiety felt (outside of it) concerning its future. Mr. Wesley had no desire for its continuance unless its spirit was perpetuated. Near the close of his life a travelling preacher inquired of him, — "What advice have you to give in order to perpetuate the great revival of religion, in which you have been the principal instrument?" He answered, "Take care of the rising generation."

#### JOHN WESLEY AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

It has been well said that he that makes a child happy for half an hour is a co-worker with God. John Wesley, in visiting Birmingham, was frequently entertained at the house of John Mason. They had a little girl who afterward became the wife of a Methodist minister. Mr. Wesley would often seat her on his knee, place his hand upon her head, give her his blessing, and simply give her such wise counsels as she could understand; these made an indelible impression upon her heart. He once presented her with a bright sixpence, which she preserved to the day of her death. Mr. Wesley used to keep a number of fresh coins by him, the newest and brightest, on purpose to please the taste of the lambs of his flock.

#### CONSCIENCE AND INTEREST.

John Hyett, of Woolwich, early became a Methodist (1746). He was in humble circumstances in life when he

identified himself with Methodism. He had a rich uncle who had a great hatred to the Methodists. He said to him one day, "John, it is my intention to make you my heir, and leave you the bulk of my property, but understand, it is on the express condition that you have nothing more to do with the Methodists. If you continue with them, I will leave you only one shilling." Soon after this conversation, John Hyett had an interview with Mr. Wesley, to whom he communicated his uncle's proposition, and asked his opinion how he ought to act in the business. "John, you have a family to provide for, you have a difficult world to struggle with, and you have now the means before you of providing for your family; but, John, you have a soul to save. And having said this much, I leave you to act as you think proper." John looked at it in the light of two worlds, counting the cost and weighing the issues. Soon after John Hyett saw his uncle again, who desired to know to what conclusion he had come. His reply was, "I am unwilling to give you offense, but I cannot sacrifice my principles for the sake of gain." Noble conclusion: one that angels will applaud and the Prince of Peace approve. Some years after the wealthy uncle died, and John attended his funeral. On reading the will, there was only one shilling bequeathed to John. In due time he received the legacy, and the first opportunity he threw it into the collection for the poor. His wants were richly supplied, and his descendants move in a respectable circle near London. John Hyett, who made such sacrifices for the cause of Jesus, has long since known the meaning of those beautiful words of the Saviour, "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

#### IN QUIET DAYS.

The dying year grows strangely mild;

Now in the hazy autumn weather  
My heart is like a happy child,  
And life and I, friends reconciled,  
Go over the hills together.

My peaceful days run sweet and still  
As waters slipping over sand,  
Seeking the shadows of free will  
To gather tenderer lights than fill  
Day's over-lavish hand.

The summer wood with music rings,  
The singer's is a troubled breast;  
I am no more the bird that sings,  
But that which broods with folded wings  
Upon its quiet nest.

O, fairest month of all the year!  
O, sweetest days in life! they melt;  
Within, without, is autumn cheer,  
September there, September here,  
So tranquil and so sweet.

Oh! have I watched all night with grief,  
All night with joy, and which is best?  
Ah, both were sharp and both were brief,  
My heart was like a wind-blown leaf,  
I give them both for rest.

Fair Quiet, close to Joy allied,  
But loving shadier walks to keep,  
By day is over at my side;  
And all night long with me abide  
Peace and her sister Sleep.

— CARL SPENCER, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

**HOLDING ON.** — There is a court in London called Chequer Alley, where, twenty-five years ago, corruption reigned. God had not a worshipper among all its wretched inhabitants. Now there is a crowded preaching room, a Sunday-school, with over two hundred scholars, several classes of church-members, and hundreds who worship the Lord. A wonderful change, truly. How was it brought about?

Chiefly by the agency of a Christian woman — Miss MacCarthy. She began the work when it was dangerous to venture within the filthy precincts of the alley, by going into it as a tract distributor. For months she persevered, without one sign of encouragement. At last she began a Sabbath-school, and preaching was held in a hired room. Still no one yielded to the truth.

After two years of uncheered labor, Miss MacCarthy proposed one evening, after the preaching, to tell her Christian experience to the women present, if they would stop after the men left.

"You won't, though," shouted two or three of the roughs. "If you turn us out, we'll take care that nobody else shall hear, and we won't come to your meeting again."

"Very well," said the noble woman, "let as many stay as wish to."

The men sat down. Miss MacCarthy and two of her associates told the simple story of their awakening and conversion, and exhorted their hearers to seek like precious blessings. They then joined in prayer. The place became unwontedly solemn. The Divine Power rested upon the people. Presently a convulsive breathing was heard; then a single sob burst forth; and cries of distress followed. Twenty wretched sinners uttered the old Gospel cry, "What must I do to be saved?" Christ was then lifted up to their gaze, and the glorious work of human regeneration by the Holy Ghost went on with power. Twenty reprobates became living epistles, known and read of all men. Pentecost had come to Chequer Alley.

Nor did the work cease with that wonderful night. From then till now new trophies have been won for Jesus among the dregs of the city. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

Alas! how little reliance can be placed upon kind hearts, quick sensibilities, and even devotional feelings, if there is no religious principle to guide, direct and strengthen them.



## For the Children.

## OLD MAXIMS. I.

"Hoe your own Row."

I think there are some maxims

Under the sun,

Scarce worth preservation;

But here, boys, is one

So sound and so simple

'Tis worth while to know;

And all in the single line,

Hoe your own row!

If you want to have riches,

And want to have friends,

Don't trample the means down

And look for the ends;

But always remember

Wherever you go,

The wisdom of practicing,

Hoe your own row!

Don't just sit and pray

For increase of your store,

But work; who will help himself,

Heaven helps more.

The weeds while you're sleeping

Will come up and grow,

But if you would have the

Full ear, you must hoe!

Nor will it do only

To hoe out the weeds,

You must make your ground mellow

And put in the seeds;

And when the young blade

Pushes through, you must know

There is nothing will strengthen

Its growth like the hoe!

There's no use of saying

What will be, will be;

Once try it, my lack-brain,

And see what you'll see!

Why, just small potatoes,

And few in a row;

You'd better take hold then,

And honestly hoe!

A good many workers

I've known in my time—

Some builders of houses,

Some builders of rhyme;

And they that were prospered,

Were prospered, I know,

By the intent and meaning of

Hoe your own row!

I've known too, a good many

Idlers, who said,

I've right to my living,

The world owes me bread!

A right! lazy lubber!

A thousand times No!

'Tis his, and his only

Who hoes his own row.

ALICE CARY.

## "QUICK, FATHER!"

A young man walked the deck of his father's vessel. His step was firm, and his heart light. Life, like the shining summer sea, lay bright before him, and he thought not of storm or danger.

Suddenly his foot slipped, and the next instant he was struggling with the waves. With a thrill of horror the father caught the piercing cry of his drowning son,—"Quick, quick, father, or you'll be too late!" In vain he struggled, and vain were his father's efforts to save him. It was "too late." He sank to rise no more, and the sea on which he had just been gazing lay calm and still above his lifeless form; but naught can still in that father's heart his lost son's dying cry. "Too late!" rings for ever in his ears; for, at the moment when he saw that it was too late to save that manly form from a watery grave, the fearful thought that his soul was sinking to "the death which never dies" flashed upon him, rendering doubly significant his despairing cry,—"Too late!"

Reader, are there no drowning cries of perishing souls in your ears?

The ocean-breezes are bearing to us, from far-off heathen lands, the entreaty, "Come over and help us;" and in our own communities the inquiry meets us daily, "Men and brethren, what shall I do to be saved?" Have you so far forgotten the danger from which the great "Captain of our salvation" has rescued you as to be deaf to their imploring cries? Let us stretch forth our hands to these despairing, sinking souls, and place them in the strong arms of Christ. Like the brave sailor who risks his life to rescue a drowning comrade, let us labor, endure, and suffer if need be, to save the perishing.

And, O! beware, ye that bear the name of Christ, lest your profession be but a false light on the shore, attracting storm-tossed souls, only to be shipwrecked on the rocks of your inconsistencies.

Rather "let your light so shine" that they may see clearly the way to the haven of rest: then shall your joy be full when you meet at last, on the shores of the heavenly Canaan, those whom you have aided in their escape from the overwhelming waves of wrath divine. — *Christian Banner*.

**CANDY FOR CHILDREN.**—You know that the stomach of a child is very delicate, very sensitive—quite as much so as the eye; it will bear milk, and so will the eye; but if you add to the milk pepper, the eye becomes red, and so does the stomach. Cold water is grateful to the eye, to relieve this inflammation, and there is the same demand for water to quench the inextinguishable flame. In such a stomach, healthy digestion ceases; the appetite fails; the blood becomes poor and watery, and the tissues are all impoverished. It is not the sugar that does the harm, for pure sugar is healthy; it forms part of the milk of the infant, and enters largely into many of our best vegetables. It is the sugar mixed with various other articles, often poisonous, and the process of manufacture that render candy so injurious.

You mean to do well by your child, but you are slowly and certainly effecting her ruin. At this critical period of her life, when, for proper development and growth, she needs a large supply of nourishing and easily digested food, you give her these detestable compounds of burnt sugar and poisons, which not only slowly poison her system, but, worst of all, deprive her of appetite and even of the power of digestion. If you persist in this course it is not difficult to predict the result; the chances that your child will reach womanhood will be diminished tenfold; if she reach adult years, it will not prove adult life in her case, but rather a dwarfed and imbecile maturity. Her certain inheritance will be dyspepsia, a morbid appetite for crude and indigestible articles, and chronic and incurable diseases, which will render her irritable and peevish, and lead to premature old age and death in mid-life. — *Hearth and Home*.

**"JESUS CAN SAVE ME."**—Mr. H— used to take his little son into his arms and talk with him about Jesus. The little boy never grew tired of that "sweet story." It was always new to him.

One day, while sitting in his father's lap, his papa said to him,—

"Would my little son like to go into the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, papa," he answered.

"But," said the father, "how can you get there? Your little heart is full of sin. How can you expect to go where God is?"

"But all are sinners, papa," the little fellow answered.

"That is true," replied the father, "and yet God has said that only the pure in heart shall see Him. How, then, can my little boy expect to go there?"

The dear little fellow's face grew very sad. His heart seemed full, and, bursting into tears, he laid his head in his father's bosom, and sobbed out,—

"Papa, Jesus can save me."

Dear children, Jesus can save you. If you would be saved, you must look to him, "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." — *Child's Paper*.

## ENIGMA NO. 30.

My first is in gnat but not in rye.

My second is in endeavor but not in try.

My third is in tear but not in sigh.

My fourth is in laugh but not in cry.

My fifth is in wing but not in fly.

My sixth is in bold but not in shy.

My seventh is in cake and also in pie.

My eighth is in truth but not in lie.

My ninth is in sell but not in buy.

My tenth is in earth but not in sky.

My next is in far but not in nigh.

My twelfth is in fasten but not in tie.

My next is in cooked but not in fry.

My fourteenth is in mine but not in my.

My fifteenth is in thine but not in thy.

My sixteenth is in cunning but not in sly.

My whole any one should not pass by.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 29.

"ZION'S HERALD."

**JOHN B. GOUGH'S BOYHOOD.**—I did not entirely avoid getting into what boys call scrapes; nor did I escape punishments. I was, like all others, occasionally disobedient—or, as my poor, dear mother would sometimes say, "aggravating;" but the dear soul, I believe, never punished me without laughing before she got through. My terror at corporeal punishment or physical pain was so intense as to be sometimes positively ludicrous. I remember there was one day a collier—that is, a large vessel laden with coals—that ran in on the high tide to unload, so that when the tide went down she lay dry on the beach, and the boys delighted in the performance of swinging by her ropes, and occasionally climbing on board. I was busily engaged at this sort of play, when my mother called me to carry a pail of refuse to our pig, that was kept in a pen some quarter of a mile from our house. I crawled up the beach very reluctantly; and, taking the pail, made out that it was too heavy, and pretended I could not carry it—in short, was very "aggravating"—when my poor mother took the pail from me, and carried it herself, bidding me go into the house and wait till she returned. As she came in, I knew by her face that I should "catch it;" and when she came with a stick in her hand, looking as sternly as the dear soul was capable of, I ran away, and she after me, till I got into a closet and would not come out. She could not strike to hurt me, for the door was low and narrow, affording no room for the swing of the stick. The poking at me, without a blow, became amusing, and I laughed. The poor dear soul, her eyes dancing and her mouth twitching with ill-concealed merriment, said, "Well, John, I'll give you a stirring up." And so with a circular motion I got the stick alternately on the head and legs, till I promised to come out and take my punishment in a more legitimate manner. Ah! dear mother, how often she used to laugh at stirring me up with a stick in the closet. — *FROM GOUGH'S RECOLLECTIONS, in The Independent*.

## THE BABY'S DRAWER.

There is a little drawer in my chamber  
Guarded with tenderest care,  
Where the dainty clothes are lying,  
That my darling shall never wear.]

And there, while the hours are waning,  
Till the house is all at rest,  
I sit and fancy a baby  
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty white garments!  
I wrought them sitting apart,  
While his mystic life was throbbing  
Under my throbbing heart.

And often my happy dreaming  
Breaks in a little song,  
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,  
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,  
And the drawer was almost full  
With robes of the finest muslin,  
And robes of the whitest wool.

I folded them all together,  
With a rose for every pair,  
Smiling, and saying "Gem fragrant,  
Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah the radiant summer morning,  
So full of a mother's joy!  
"Thank God, he is fair and perfect,  
My beautiful, new-born boy."

Let him wear the pretty white garments  
I wrought while sitting apart;  
Lay him so sweet and so helpless,  
Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening  
I sit, since my baby came,  
Saying, "What do the angels call him?  
For he died without a name;

Sit while the hours are waning,  
And the house is all at rest,  
And fancy a baby nestling  
Close to my aching breast.

Putnam's Magazine, for September.

## FROM HERE AND THERE.

**SCOTCH OLD LADIES.**—Lord Cockburn, in his "Memoirs of his Time," speaks of "a singular race of Scotch old ladies," who were a delightful set; warm-hearted, very resolute, indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world, and adhering to their own ways, who dressed, spoke, and did exactly as they chose. Among these examples of perfect naturalness was a Miss Menie Trotter, of whom Miss Graham, in her "Mystifications," relates: "She was penurious in small things, but her generosity could rise to circumstances. Her dowry was an annuity from the estate of Mortenhall. She had a contempt for securities, and would trust no bank with her money, but kept all her bills and bank notes in a green silk bag that hung on her toilet glass. On each side of the table stood a large white bowl, one of which contained her silver, the other her copper—the latter always full to the brim, accessible to Peggy, her handmaid, or any other servant in the house; for the idea of any one stealing money never entered her brain. Indeed, she once sent a present to her niece, Mrs. Cunningham, of a £50 note, wrapped up in a cabbage leaf and intrusted it to the care of a woman who was going with a basket of butter to the Edinburgh market."

A Scotch minister told his neighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous. "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbor. "Aw, nae," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

Coleridge said that he did not wonder that Mackintosh "should think Wordsworth a small man; he runs so far before us all, that he dwarfs himself in the distance."

**"A LOW CRIB."**—Last week's *Protestant Churchman* tells a good story received from a friend who had been traveling in one of the Southern States. On a certain Sunday he attended service in a colored church. The pastor was a colored man, and educated beyond the attainments of his people, but was addicted to the habit of parading his gifts, and preaching in a highfown tone. On this occasion, however, the sermon was preached by a minister who delivered a plain, unaffected discourse, wisely adapted to the people who were addressed. After the sermon the members of the congregation were asked to take part in exhortation and prayer. Among others who engaged in prayer was a simple, earnest old negro, who commenced by thanking God for the various blessings He had bestowed—for the Sabbath, for the means of grace and other things, "and," said he, "we thank thee that to-day we have been fed out of a low crib." It would be well if all ministers would remember that the people need to be fed out of a "low crib."

The *Presbyterian* tells of a man who lived many years ago in Clyde, Wayne County, New York, of good education and considerable property, whose besetting sin was penuriousness. He was a sound Presbyterian, but strenuously opposed to all societies requiring contributions of money to keep them alive,—not even excepting missionary societies. Once he attended the monthly concert of prayer for foreign missions, when the minister asked him to pray. He complied at once, and made a prayer after the usual style, entirely unexceptionable until the very close, when his ruling idea came out in these words: "O Lord, may we all act in such a manner that, by our lives, we may preach Christ and Him crucified to the whole world, and thus save considerable expense." There is too much of this kind of economy.



## Correspondence.

## MAINE ITEMS.

**CATHEDRAL DEDICATION.**—On Wednesday, Sept. 8th, the magnificent Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, erected by the Roman Catholics of Portland, was dedicated. To prevent the crowding of the house, which would have interfered materially with the ceremonies, tickets were issued, admitting sufficient numbers to fill the seats only, leaving the aisles free for the passage of the processions. I happened, through the kindness of an editorial friend, to become the possessor of one of the talismanic bits of pasteboard.

Pushing my heretical way through a crowd of the faithful adherents of the "Church" gathered about the door they could not enter for want of the "open sesame," I entered the western aisle, and was conducted by an attentive usher to a seat.

The broad aisle was even then half filled with a procession of very gaily decorated ecclesiastics. Soon they advanced. First two small boys, in scarlet petticoats, with white socks or loose jackets—I know nothing of ecclesiastical millinery, and so name things as they seemed to me—bore huge imitations of white wax candles—burning—I say imitations, because I once had an opportunity to examine a Roman Catholic wax-candle, which had been sent to the tinman for repairs. It was made of wood painted white, and had a cylindrical tin box at the upper end, cunningly joined and painted like the rest. In the bottom of this box was a spiral spring, and in the top a hole large enough to allow the wick of a common candle to protrude. The spring kept the candle pressed against the top of the box.

Following the candle-boys came two larger boys in black petticoats and white jackets with censors, then another bearing a large silver cross. Then came—in an order I cannot remember—men "clothed in gorgeous apparel," a dozen or so in yellow silk robes of a peculiar fashion, elaborately embroidered and fringed with gold. Some of these wore black caps, but eight among them wore mitres, apparently of the same material as the yellow silk robes, and like them profusely adorned. One of the eight—Bishop Bacon, of the Diocese of Maine—bore a huge gilded shepherd's crook. They passed up the aisle to the chancel, chanting something in Latin, of which I could only catch a word now and then. Before they passed within the chancel rails, they halted and sung the "miserere," then passing within the rail, more chanting or intoning, a single voice repeating rapidly, and all the procession responding.

"*Ora pro nobis.*" It seemed from the length of this exercise that all the saints in a very long calendar might have been invoked to "pray for us." During this portion of the ceremony all knelt. At the close all arose, but after a minute or two knelt again and more singing followed. A signal was then given and all arose. Then more intoning, while the procession stood, kneeling occasionally for an instant at intervals. All these services occupied, perhaps, forty-five minutes. At the close came a burst of music from the grand organ, and soon the choir joined, singing a beautiful chant, while the procession re-formed and marched around the church, in about the same order as before—Bishop Bacon, flourishing a baton with a knob of silver at the end, which he occasionally dipped in a silver dish containing what I supposed to be holy water. This dish was carried by a boy, who was not very attentive to his duty, and was reminded of it by a sharp "look! look!" in an under-tone from the Bishop. When the procession arrived in the chancel again, all knelt and there was more intoning. This over, the Bishop mounted his episcopal throne,—upon the left of the chancel,—and the organ poured forth a grand jubilant anthem, while the bells of the cathedral rang a merry peal, and the candles and gas-lights about the altar, and in front of the statues of Joseph and the Virgin and Child, were lighted. After perhaps fifteen minutes of this joyful music, at a signal from the Bishop, the music sunk to a low sad wail, and soon a sweet, soft soprano voice joined in the strain, singing undistinguishable words, but in tones of tenderest pathos and entreaty. Thank God, even heathenism cannot debate true music. Through all this the "thurifers" were swinging their censers before the Bishop, sitting upon his gorgeously canopied cathedra. This was succeeded by another long service, intoned by one of the visiting bishops, with responses from the organ and choir. During this service, all the faithful knelt, or pretended to kneel, for often it was but a mere pretense.

Then there was singing by the choir, with organ accompaniment, and while it was in progress sundry gyrations with censers and other paraphernalia were being performed before the grand altar. Next came more intoning in front of the altar, procession and people standing, and to this the choir and organ responded with a burst of splendid music. Then more intoning, and the brass band played a somewhat long and very fine piece, said to be the Russian National Hymn. Then all rise again and there is more intoning, and at its close the organ wails out again in notes as sad and sweet as an autumn wind in the pine forest, and one of the black capped priests, white-surplised, kneels before the Bishop and receives from him a yellow collar, or scarf, richly embroidered, which he places about his neck, the ends hanging lower than the waist in front. Having adjusted this he rises, steps back a pace or two, faces the altar and kneels again, and this time all kneel with him, and there is a little more intoning. After which all rise and the priest who has received the collar ascends the little pulpit by the side of one of the columns, perhaps one third of the distance from the altar to the front of the church, and announcing as his text, Gen. xxviii. 16, 17,

"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And trembling with fear he said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!"—adds, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen." Then followed the sermon, of which want of space forbids even an abstract. It was "cunningly devised,"—a little sound reasoning in a mass of sophistry—a little Christianity, in a great deal of popery and Mariolatry. The doctrines of auricular confession, priestly absolution, form worship, and the worship of the Virgin Mary, were plainly avowed, and in most cases most skillfully defended, made to appear to the unthinking hearer eminently Scriptural and proper. Father Hecker is no novice. The Church of Rome has few abler or more cunning advocates; but if he is honest, his mind is satisfied with a style of reasoning which the merest tyro in logic could prove fallacious with ease. At one o'clock P. M., having had my fill of seeing and hearing, I attempted to leave very quietly, but found the doors closed and barred. Others making the same attempt attracted the attention of the Bishop, who called out, "The ushers have orders not to open the doors until the close of the services." We succeeded, however, in effecting our escape.

Two or three things about the cathedral itself are worthy of special mention. At the rear end of the western aisle is a life-size statue with the inscription "Joseph vir fidelis," above the head; on the opposite side of the altar, a larger statue of the Virgin and Child, in a more elevated position and honored with a large number of candles. Behind the heads of both upon the wall, are gilded rays, terminating in small gas-burners arranged in a semicircle. These burners were lighted, producing a very fine effect. On a stained window, above the statue of the Virgin, is a monogram composed of the letters "M. R." "Maria Regina." In his sermon Father Hecker referred to her as the "Queen of Heaven." All the decorations of the interior are of the most costly and gorgeous description. Above the altar, which is about twenty feet high, with elaborately carved Gothic pinnacles, in white and gold, is a crucifix, the image as large as life, ghastly in its pallor and rigidity of expression. The spire was 225 feet in height. I say was, for in the gale of Wednesday night—the very evening after the dedication—it came down with a crash upon the roof of the house of a heretic upon the opposite side of the street.

The New England fair has been a success, notwithstanding the gale, which made sad havoc with tents and things at the grounds.

## Our Book Table.

## LITERARY.

**DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABBE ROBINSON.** Two volumes. Fields, Osgood, & Co. Nothing seems easier to get than fame. Attach yourself to great men, and it is done. Johnson's mock syllogism is verified in many an experience:—

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

These drivers of men of fat fames get fat in fame themselves. Mr. Robinson, totally unheard of in the literary world, all at once becomes a celebrity. Why? He gave good dinners, and kept a diary. He says, at the beginning of his diary, "Among the Robinsons I cannot find a single individual who appears to have acquired any distinction, and among the Crabbes only a remote probability of an affinity to a single individual of the name, who has ever been heard of,—and that is the poet." These bulky volumes will not be apt to make that name the more famous, except as a keeper of a museum is himself a celebrity. He might find an American of his name that is in a fair way of achieving the distinction he had vainly sought for his family. There are others that have accomplished somewhat that is noticeable. The author of "Researches in Palestine" is not an unknown man; while the kindred and substantially identical name of Robertson has celebrities in the historian of Charles Fifth, and the preacher at Brighton. In addition to his intimacy with well-known men, it was his good luck to live a long life, so that his letters and descriptions of his early days have the air of a Froissart chronicle, and are, like some other poor things, valuable for very age.

These two fortunes make a big book, and a known name. His gossip is upon a great number of famous men half to a quarter a century ago, and is narrated in the conversational and epigrammatic style, that is always popular. As thus: "I recollect saying to my sister-in-law, 'Whom do you suppose I hold to be the cleverest person I know?' 'Capel Loft, perhaps?' 'No.' 'Mrs. Clarkson?' 'O, no.' 'Miss Maling?' 'No.' 'I give it up.' 'William Hazlitt?' 'O, you are joking. Why, we all take him to be just the reverse.'" This playing conundrums is very entertaining for a garrulous old man, though why it is bound up in two bulky volumes, is another question.

Another mass of trash are the minute events connected with his own personal rise and progress, which was but little of a rise or progress, and long letters from abroad and at home, filled with nothing but words; for instance, he had become a follower of Godwin, the free-love infidel of that day, and Robert Hall told a member of his church, and Robinson's relative, that he ought not to associate with him. Whereupon Robinson addresses Hall a very dull letter of several pages. Hall's reply is less dull, of course, yet could have been clipped to its advantage. He trumped with Wordsworth from Keswick to Cockermouth, he afoot, Wordsworth on horseback; yet the almost only details of the talk are his thoughts, not Wordsworth's. This mixture of Robinson with great men is sometimes one grain of celebrities to ten of Robinson.

Yet there is in the two volumes much that is very readable. Anecdotes of famous men as thick as plums in Jack Horner's pie; and if Jack's own reflections on his being a good boy are somewhat frequent, and the pastry somewhat thick, the plums, nevertheless, are often excellent. Every page, almost, has some big name, and not a bad story or reflection upon its wearer. He was intimate with

Lamb, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Goethe, and hosts more. These plums will not only make the pie edible, but valuable. It will be a repertoire that will be sought after, and devoured for a century to come. The showman has secured immortality by the excellence of his lions. Wordsworth, he says, spoke freely and praisingly of his own poems.

He tells how Coleridge announced a lecture on "Romeo and Juliet," and Shakespeare's heroines, and talked on the Lancaster system of teaching, and much other irrelevant and disconnected matter; whereupon Lamb said he should have waited till he got to Henry V., where the Lancastrians properly come in, and that he promised to speak about the Nurse in Romeo, and had given her manners. He tells many other jokes of Lamb; some very good. As criticising Chatterton's manuscript of forgeries, which contained seventeen kinds of *es*, Lamb said they must have been written by one of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease. Again, when some one quoted against Lamb an old saw that "he that makes a pun will pick a pocket," and added, "but punsters themselves have no pockets," "No," answered Lamb, "they carry only a *ridicule*." Describing cannibals, who disliked certain kinds of human flesh, he said "they were called *misanthropists*." He describes Harly Coleridge as "having the features of a foreign Jew, with starch and affected manners." Coleridge's daughter had a face of great sweetness. One of Wordsworth's business associates, Mr. Dalton, when engaged in selling some of Wordsworth's brother's lands, said to him: "Is it true—as I have heard it reported—that Mr. Wordsworth ever wrote verses?" Such is fame. The debate of the present day on Infanticide was not unknown half a century ago. Coleridge writes to Robinson for instances in which the Legislature "DARED to prohibit soul-murder and infanticide on the part of the rich, and self-slaughter on that of the poor." Lafayette, in a talk with him, detailed a conversation with Bonaparte, when First Consul, that showed that Napoleon then meant to destroy the liberty of France, and that the true men of that day distrusted him. There is much reference to theatres, cards, and other worldlinesses, with little to religion. He says he wished to be religious, but could not. It would be difficult—such a life as he was leading. The work will be historic, and Henry Crabbe Robinson has achieved for his family a sort of fame.

## PAMPHLETS, QUARTERLIES, ETC.

Prof. Comfort is publishing a course of German. The specimen pages show scholarship, and teachings, a rarer gift than scholarship. It will be a popular hand-book to this most popular of lingual studies.

A very beautiful edition of *The Nontheikon of Phocylides*, by I. B. Feenling, Professor in Wisconsin University, has been issued in a pamphlet form by W. F. Draper, Andover. It has a Latin preface and argument, and many notes. It is dedicated to the Philological Convention, held at Poughkeepsie. This oldest of Greek religious and moral poems, near the age of Hesiod, comes fittingly from one of the youngest of our States. It should find a place in the college curriculum and the scholar's studies. It is a forerunner of Christ, and a shadowing forth of the Bible in a heathen land and day.

*Integrity of Character*, an Oration delivered at Washington College, Va., by Rev. E. A. Holland, has some good thoughts. He has a Southerner's horror of work. "There has been, of late, a great roar of Carlylean rant about the nobleness of work, reverberating through our materialistic literature. Is work indeed the sublime purpose of existence? Was man created a little lower than the angels to hoe carrots and cabbages, mould grates and gridirons? We should answer 'Yes.' Adam, before he fell, was thus doomed, and many a dreamer should become a toiler. He closes with urging them to be faithful, so as to join the glorified band of soldiers for the True and the Right, who have 'crossed over the river,' and, with Jackson, are resting in the shade of the trees. 'Stonewall' is the Jackson here referred to; not Andrew. That might show its animus, did not more than one Northern preacher laud this Southern saint. Mr. Holland is a popular preacher of the M. E. Church, South.

*Cotton Culture and the South*, considered with Reference to Emigration, by F. W. Loring and C. F. Atkinson (A. Williams & Co.), is an important pamphlet, worthy of every farmer's study. Nowhere are there such opportunities as the South land gives for wealth, and cotton is still king there. This bulky pamphlet tells all about its culture, and where lands may be bought, for how much. Every young man, ambitious for a farm, should get it.

A *Memorial Sermon*, on Hon. Richard Fletcher, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, tells the story of a good man's life and death. Full of honors, he laid them all at the Saviour's feet. His last conversation was on the precious words, "Wherein He hath made us accepted through the Beloved." A successful lawyer, honored judge, wealthy gentleman, thorough student, he was, above all, an humble, joyful Christian.

*Proceedings of the Free Religious Association*, Second Annual Meeting, gives the speeches of that occasion—one orthodox, and ten heterodox; the orthodox one, too, being almost the only one that is commented upon disparagingly by the president of the meeting. He seemed more afraid of this then unknown minister's fervent appeal than of all the issues that others broached, and with reason; that stone will crush all the rest. It is a live book on a live theme, and shows that if the church of Antichrist be so active, what should the Church of Christ be?

*Christ and the Controversies of Christendom*, by Rev. E. W. Dale (Cong'l Pub. Co.), is an excellent tract on an excellent subject—"How to Preach Christ." Read, and distribute.

## Publications Received since our Last.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY
A Philosophy of Heaven and Earth, and the Millennium, Spurluck, Lewis the Widower, Henry Remond, Thackeray.	J. W. Gilvert.	
Countess Gleiser, Marilit, Shining Light, Little Drops of Rain, Greek Language, Hadley.	Harpers.	A. Williams.
New York Illustrated Composition and Rhetoric, Karl, Sermons, Brooks, Roma, G. Eliot, The Vagabonds, and other Poems, Trowbridge, Fenest, Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, Putnam's Monthly.	Appletons.	Gould & Lincoln.
	Ivins & Co.	Nichols & Noyes.
	Fields, Osgood, & Co.	Wilde & Co.
	W. C. Palmer.	
	Zell.	G. L. Callender.
	Putnam & Son.	







"A constabulary had been appointed for the express purpose of enforcing this law. They were sent out by the State as fishermen. The tackle was new. They were very brave, and loudly proclaimed that they would not stay long on shore, nor catch small fish, but would get out into deep water, where the fish were large and plenty. They went out, and there was a very large bite, and the fishermen tugged hard and harder, and pulled in his line. They threw him on the deck; but they had not appreciated how large he was, and what sharp teeth he had, and what a tremendous tail power. As he looked with those fierce eyes, they drew back and climbed into the rigging, and asked, what shall we do? And, finally—I don't know who gave the order—but they obeyed, and gave him a shove back into the sea. Down came the mariners and sailors and the vessel was put back to the shore to catch cunners. The captain was asked, 'Why, after catching him, did you put him back?' And then he paused a little while for his answer—'O, he was so big, we thought before we got ashore he might spoil, and we might have to pay for him.' The imperial State, the wealthy State of Massachusetts, putting out her hand and laying hold of lager beer, which was being sold in contravention to law, and then proclaim that she might have done wrong, and some time in the future might have to pay for it!"

"The imperial State of Massachusetts" may act against its law, and then it must back out. That seizure was declared illegal by the Attorney General, as the liquors were sold out of the State, and were in transit. There was a seizure in Salem, and others in Worcester and Springfield;—large quantities that were not surrendered. His brilliant imagination is at fault. Is the Revere, or Parker's, or Tremont House "a cunner?" Yet their bars are gone.

But if Mr. Wright is so fearful about having laws on the statute-book, why does he not ask for the repeal of the law against gambling, and brothels, and Sunday excursions? Boston "a law-abiding city!" It has been a law-breaking city for years. It allows, it encourages these haunts of sin and crime. It sustains Sabbath-breaking. Why, too, does he not denounce the Mayor and City Police for their non-execution of the law? They are as much obliged to execute it as the Constable of the Commonwealth. He says the "Constabulary had been appointed for the express purpose of enforcing the law." Was that the reason that Gov. Andrew substituted this Police for the Metropolitan Police, that Judge Pitman and the Temperance members had otherwise carried? Did Gov. Andrew, its creator, appoint it for the "express purpose of enforcing" the Prohibitory law? What will *The Transcript* say to such a record of the Governor's Prohibitory course? What bountiful epithets it will bestow on Mr. Wright for such a "slander." Would it had been so! The fact is, this Police is needed, and used in a hundred other ways. Why does not Mayor Shurtleff, and Col. Kurtz, his Chief of Police, enforce this law? Why don't they offer their assistance to the Governor and his Chief?

The fact is, the Boston rum power are determined to repeal the law. They are doing all they can to destroy it, and sermons of this class aid them in their work. Instead of standing by Joshua and Caleb, these heads of our tribes are crying out, "We are not able to go up and possess the land. There are giants there, and walled cities, and they make the hearts of the people to become as water." God may send us into captivity for eight and thirty years because of this cowardice. All talk of Temperance losing ground by the law is of the same sort. It encourages our foes. They hail this shot at the law and its officers, as Magruder rejoiced at the firing of Butler and Pierce into each other at Big Bethel. But that was unintentional; not so this attack. God forgive those who do Him and His cause, by such inconsideration and unwisdom, immeasurable harm. Thousands of lost youth will bewail forever the encouragement thus given to an overwhelming sin.

#### HUMBOLDT'S CENTENARY.

The celebration of the centennial of the birth of Baron Alexander von Humboldt was very general, and betokens not so much his greatness, as the growing populosity of Germany in America. It had no such notice in England or France, and would not have had here but for the presence of so many of his people among us. Scott, Wellington, Napoleon, Chateaubriand, born in the same year, have equal meed of fame. Cuvier, also of that year, was not his inferior. But only Napoleon has been noticed, and he officially. England has allowed her pet warrior to

sleep uncelebrated. Scotland has said not a word over the grave of her greatest writer, as great a genius, and of more enduring fame than Germany's favorite. Not only because the Germans are many, and love a good time, was his birthday celebrated, but because he was chiefly devoted to the study of Nature, which is as popular to-day, as it was indifferently honored a century ago. Even the humblest is exalted; in the last, first. Natural science, despised among its brethren, has become the chief in popularity. Humboldt did much to bring it to the front. He is on the tide, and sails to prosperous fortune. New York erects his statue, Agassiz builds him "a fine marble statue" in words, Harvard commences the foundation of a professorship, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, Germans get jolly over their great student and their lager beer. At the German celebration in Music Hall, the speaker asserted that Humboldt was an Atheist and Materialist, and also put him into this opposition to our best laws, which are not, certainly, the fruit of Materialism and Atheism:—

"Boston Music Hall is but a few steps away from the Boston Court-hall. It would be far easier for a puritanical accuser, than for a German radical, to represent the author of 'Cosmos' as an Atheist. If this State intended to solemnize a truly noble Humboldt celebration, there would be no nobler way of doing it than by abolishing the disgraceful law which would have threatened the veritable Humboldt, and does now threaten all those who share his views, with an imprisonment of two years. It does not matter whether this medieval law, to which nearly all educated Germans, and, first of all, the ornaments of modern science are amenable, it does not matter whether it is executed or not—its simple existence is a shame for Massachusetts, which stands at the head of the intellectual development of this great Republic."

The most elaborate oration is that of Prof. Agassiz, which gave a full and interesting detail of his scientific career; how he first mapped the climates of the earth on a mountain side; how he showed that the ascent of a snow alp of the tropics revealed the same laws of vegetation as the coasts of the earth from the equator to the poles; how he mapped the internal geologic structure of the earth after the same law, and gave the model after which all similar representations of every other branch of study are now conducted; how he detected the isothermal lines, or those of equal heat, and ran them across all continents. These were his chief gifts. A metaphysical, logical, imaginative, or religious nature he had not. Prof. Agassiz seems to approve his position on Christianity, when he states that he was no scoffer, that he believed in God, and referred to Him twice in all his volumes, (what condescension!) but did not hold in high esteem the Christian Scriptures.

"He had too great regard for truth, and knew too well the Arian (Aryan?) origin of the traditions collected by the Jews to give his countenance to any creed based upon them. Indeed, it was one of his aims to free our civilization from the pressure of Jewish traditions."

This remark shows the weakness of both of these savans. Modern "force" theories might have driven Humboldt to Atheism, as they almost seem to drive Agassiz. If one speaks of the Holy Scriptures as "Jewish traditions collected by the Jews," and evidently considers them as without authority, he may naturally declare:—

"But the time is fast approaching, and indeed some daring thinkers have actually entered upon the question—'Where is the line between the inevitable action of law, and the intervention of a higher power? where is the limit?'"

And when the possibility of Atheism is conceded, the assertion of it is not far off. The fact is, Humboldt was utterly indifferent to God and to Christianity. His "Cosmos," which professes to give the history and structure of the universe, never traces it to God, never considers it in its spiritual relations. Like almost all naturalists, mind was

"Subdued to what it works in,  
Like a dyer's hand."

He is so much of a naturalist that he is not any of a spiritualist. He is keen on the scent of nature, blind on the essence of soul. His greatness will grow dim because of this defect. The greatness of Wesley, and his fame, will infinitely outstrip that of Humboldt. So even will that of Swedenborg. The world cries out for soul, not body. He who maps the earth, does something; he who reveals God, and points the way to communion with Him, does infinitely more. "The Jewish traditions" will break in pieces all these scien-

tific collections; the Cosmos of Moses outlast a million such as Humboldt's. It comes from God, is full of God, and tells not only of systems, but of man, not only of his fall, but his redemption.

How small the results of the ninety years of the German student, who could only refer to God twice, and then parenthetically, in all his writings, and the ninety years of Wesley, who found God through the teachings of Germans, and preached Him to the turning of multitudes to righteousness. He will endure. He is of God, and in God. He is Christ's, and Christ is God's. No elaborate orations or statues are his monuments, but churches, colleges, libraries, generation of redeemed souls, exalt his memory.

The utter ignorance of the unevangelical churches of vital Christianity, is shown in a late editorial in *The Liberal Christian*, which thus concludes:—

"We stand at the death-bed of a wicked man, who has lived in sin, believing that, if he repents before he dies, and accepts the conditions of salvation laid down by the Church, he will escape from the just punishment of his sins, and go to heaven. And there he repents, accepts the atoning sacrifice of Christ, is baptized by his minister, and assured that he is saved, and heaven-bound. When he dies, his mourning friends are consoled by the assurance that he is undoubtedly received with glory, and sinners are exhorted to repent as he did, before it is too late. Now we have no desire for a controversy about terms. The word 'moral' has a tolerably definite, and generally understood meaning. And when we say that the system which deals in this way with men 'promises infinite felicity to its adherents on conditions entirely irrespective of moral or spiritual excellence, and condemns all others to perpetual and unmitigated misery,' we simply affirm what everybody with common sense and common honesty knows is true."

Will this professedly "Christian" paper please inform us, on what other terms than those on which this poor sinner he describes, received salvation, it is possible for any sinner on his death-bed to find peace, and a preparation for heaven? If he must be "moral" before he is fitted for heaven, then he can never be. Punishment, banishment, something not heavenly, must be his portion in that state he is so soon to enter. Will mere recognition of the goodness of God purify his heart? How did the thief on the cross find peace and Paradise except on faith? The trouble is, that it seems totally unacquainted with the Bible doctrine of faith. "He that believeth shall be saved." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved." The dying sinner may believe and live. How true it is to-day, as in the Apostles' time, that the "carnal heart cannot discern the things of the Spirit; for they are spiritually discerned." No man, however moral, goes to heaven on his morality. All are sinners alike, and equally. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves. It is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord." May *The Liberal* soon experience and preach this great salvation.

#### THE MISSIONARY CALL.

We print in another page, at the request of the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, the resolutions passed last fall by its Board of Managers, in response to an urgent appeal from Boston members and ministers to reinforce its management with new agencies of some sort. We regret the conclusion to which the Board then came, and can yet see no ground for their decision. If shut off from the election of an Assistant Secretary, and the argument of Bishop Ames seemed to make that act clearly impossible, they are not without power to employ gratuitously such help as will stimulate the people and awaken the Church to the condition of the Society and the needs of the work. There are scores of ways by which this can be done. Public demonstrations under the direction of the Board, can be held in our chief cities. Our returned missionaries and other attractive speakers can be employed. Tracts can be scattered; a special convention of all the members of the Missionary Society can be called to consider these facts, after the fashion of the Annual Meeting of the American Board; the addition to the Board of Managers of eminent laymen in other localities than New York,—in a word *real* can be shown. At the first meeting of the Board of Managers in their new and elegant rooms, the Treasurer reported a deficit of \$121,734.93, against a corresponding debt at the same time last year of only \$10,276.24. This awakened deep feeling and earnest discussion. If it had led the Managers to conform to the earnest and repeated appeals of the Massachusetts brethren, set forth in their Conferences and State Conventions, and by a delegation to New York, they would have been much nearer the path out of this difficulty, than by merely printing resolutions adopted a year ago. The Missionary Society must have a million of dollars annually.



Will its Managers, shrewd men of affairs, and able ministers, who know the way to the heart and the purse of the Church devise ways to raise that million? It will require enthusiasm, organization, extraordinary efforts, popular appeals, conventions, in fine, steam in the boiler; but it can be done. Will it be? Gladly will New England cooperate to the best of her ability in this work. Apportion her her share of a million and give her the help of the managing forces and she will do her duty. So will all churches. The able men who have charge of this department need only to apply their large sagacity and skill in affairs to this question to surmount every difficulty, and bring to the treasury the funds it so sorely needs, and into the field the men it so constantly demands.

The Transcript had a characteristic account by a correspondent, of the "Stirling camp-meeting." It was a vulgar travesty of one of the most successful and powerful works of grace ever seen. The earnest entreaties of ministers of Christ to perishing sinners were mocked at. One charge made against like appeals of like disciples on the day of Pentecost, the Church has outgrown. It does not say "These men are full of new wine." It would hardly allow that Methodist preachers used its commended beverage. Did its probably clerical correspondent ever read or feel the cry of Charles Wesley—

"The love of Christ doth me constrain,  
To seek the wandering souls of men;  
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,  
To snatch them from a burning grave."

Our brethren must suffer to-day what he suffered then, and with him declare:—

"For this let men revile my name,  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame."

Some time this otherwise courtly journal may treat with respect a great Church, and the Methodists among its subscribers.

The Hanover Street Church, in their advertisement of Sunday worship in Saturday's dailies, add, "We still live." It will be long before that will be their dying word. No Church is fuller of life.

The historic "cockerel" on the Hanover Street spire, where that blew over, flew several hundred feet and dove head first into a kitchen on Prince Street. The "barred burrd," said Bridget, as she saw the monster breaking through the ceiling. He was not served up for supper as he deserved, but kept for exhibition, and may be seen in O. T. Taylor's window, No. 12 Hanover Street. He is several feet high, big enough to make the tracks on the red sandstone, and made a good deal bigger ones in that flight through the storm.

**SOUTH BOSTON RELIEF.**—The churches are responding well to the appeal of the South Boston brethren. Church Street leads off. A subscription and collection was taken last Sunday, amounting to \$664. It will be made up to \$600, Newton Corner, in part, \$250. Grace Church, Boston, \$500, Salem, in part, \$70. Will all our churches give them help immediately? Take up the collection and subscription next Sabbath. Send it to J. P. Magee.

**ASTHMA.**—Those of our readers who suffer from this distressing complaint, are referred to the advertisement of Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy, in another column.

#### NOTES.

A brother asks an explanation of the text, "I make peace and create evil." Evil here means not iniquity, but punishment. God is the author of the evil consequences of evil deeds. In a remote sense, as the Creator of the powers under which men act, He may be called the author of the evil which they themselves perform. But the sense here puts evil as the opposite of peace, and means that as God gives peace to them who of their own accord do well, so He gives evil or suffering to those who of their own volition, against His entreaties, commands, and arrangements, do that which is wrong.

The American Presbyterian says that it is not true that two Canadian Presbyteries have declared that revivals are contrary to the Westminster Catechism, but only those of the Plymouth brethren who denounced a stated ministry and existing churches.

The Church Union has reached at last the true form of a journal, a cut and stitched quarto. Messrs. Ford & Co. publish it, and Henry Ward Beecher is to be editor. It will be a live sheet and may give The Independent the rival which it seems as anxious to find as a Donnybrook Irishman an antagonist. May they build each other up in the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God.

Near two thousand trees were blown down or injured in Forest Hills Cemetery by the late tornado, and yet the most beautiful of Boston cemeteries is seemingly unharmed.

A grand Temperance demonstration came off at Framingham last Thursday. The grounds were filled, and thrilling speeches were made by Messrs. Garrison, Miner, Gough, and Fulton. The cause grows.

The Wesleyan University has fifty-three freshmen. This is a large class. The college is going on prospering and to prosper.

The Connecticut Valley tobacco crop is only two thirds what it usually is. We wish it were three thirds less! When will these Christians cease to defile their land and their families with the cultivation of this noxious weed?

"A BULL."—In Bro. Livesey's article on Lay Representation, last week, 8th line—for "bull" read "rule."

The Leader (Universalist) thus "licks its brother":—

"Rev. C. H. Brigham, in the *Liberal Christian*, says: Universalists have that doubt of the plan of their Unitarian brethren that the wise men of Troy had of the Greeks with their gifts and their horse. The wise men of Troy had reason."

Appropriate to the moral warfare of this and every hour, are these ancient lines—

#### ON LIBERTY.

'Tis not the chain that makes the slave.  
Since, dared the tyrant's might,  
'Mid dungeon's gloom may lie the brave  
In liberty and light.  
Let Power then to its minions say—  
"Go, beat, and burn, and kill!"  
That torture which the flesh can slay  
But animates the will.  
A world defied, the man behold  
Majestic in his chain:  
Unawed by power, unbought by gold,  
Unterrified by pain!  
If Wrong a universe could pile  
On the true honest soul,  
Immortal it will trust and smile,  
Uncrushed beneath the whole.

The Boston Tribune has got well under weigh. It is faithful to the cause of Prohibition, and boldly supports this great reform. It is winning a good support, but in order to accomplish its whole mission, must go into the country as a morning paper. It will, we hope, live to see the principles it advocates everywhere triumphant. As a newspaper it is good, and all who want a live two cent sheet will find it an excellent substitute for what they have been compelled to buy at that price.

We have engaged a special correspondent at Rome, to give us a report of the Ecumenical Council. He will have unusual opportunities for information.

A gentleman on one of our horse cars gave up his seat to a colored nurse with a white baby in her arms, the other day. Stepping to outside, some one on the platform said, "That wouldn't be done in South Carolina, sir." "Aye, but this is Boston," was the answer. He might have added "and it will be done in Carolina."

"OLD CHURCH DOOR."—The children will be glad to know that this charming story will be resumed shortly. It has been suspended on account of the sickness of the author.

The Connecticut Methodists have determined to hold a State Convention. It is an excellent idea. No State needs Methodist consolidation more or will repay it better.

Those are called the Dark Ages when Jerome, Crichton, Abelard, Erasmus, Petrarch, and such, visited foreign colleges to contend for honors in philosophical and kindred intellectual struggles, and this is called the wonderful Nineteenth Century, glory of all ages, when four students travel three thousand miles to row a boat in a race with four other students. Nobody can tell the names of those who won, and will probably soon be unable also to tell who they were that lost. Great is the goddess Nineteenth Century!

The Northern is a little uneasy, and we forgive it its "petulance." One in the "wilderness" must be excused if he is not as complete a master of "good nature" as those in open and straight paths. We trust it will not follow the *New York Advocate* in giving up "good nature," though that journal seems to be getting back that quality in its late articles. THE HERALD did not echo *The Methodist*, but *The Advocate* that quoted the hymn, which we continued to quote. We are glad to see *The Northern* emerging from the bramble bushes where it came so near "scratching out both its eyes," and hope to welcome it soon to the calm and sunny uplands where THE HERALD constantly dwells.

The rum men are boasting that Gov. Claflin will sign a license bill. As well expect Wendell Phillips to sign a Fugitive Slave Bill. To all such attempts to seduce him, his reply must be that which Charles Sumner made to those who asked him if he would favor the return of slaves by State legislation; "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

We heartily endorse the following suggestions:—

It is well known by thousands that the beautiful church recently erected and nearly completed on Broadway, South Boston, by the D Street Methodist Society, was demolished by the hurricane on the 8th inst., and is now a heap of ruins.

It is also well known to many, that the members of that enterprising Society contributed very largely to erect the church which has so unexpectedly been demolished.

These facts being so well known it is an important inquiry, What shall be done for them?

There are many sympathizers, but more sympathy will not raise one brick from that huge mass of rubbish.

Material aid is needed, but how shall that be obtained? I will suggest that a *Grand Fair* be held in some suitable place about the 1st of October, and that all sympathizing churches of every denomination in Boston and vicinity be respectfully and earnestly requested to furnish each a table.

This would give different sects an opportunity to become acquainted with each other, and be a pleasant way to give pecuniary aid to that suffering Society.

Our Catholic neighbors raise their thousands at fairs held in localities where different societies can rally. Is there not among Protestants the same spirit of sympathy and enterprise?

AN OLD METHODIST.

Sept. 9, 1869.

#### PERSONAL.

Rev. Edward Eggleston, of Chicago, has been employed the last week or two in Maine, and by the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts State Sabbath-school Society in this city, in giving courses of instruction before institutes. His first visit to New England is in an important and popular capacity. He is warmly welcomed and his exercises have been highly approved.

Dr. Bond has retired from the editorial charge of *The Baltimore Episcopal Methodist*. His last article was a violent assault on the great sculptor, Story, for his famous statues of Cleopatra and the African Sibyl, which all the world ran after at the London Exhibition. He said that he petrified a falsehood, sculptured an insult to common sense, and dared to black-guard the human race. This last word was too much for him or the paper. That gun kicked wide and knocked its owner over. We regret his departure. He certainly made a live paper, remarkably free from personality, bitterness, prejudice, and narrowness. We ne'er shall look upon its like again. We shall have to invite him to send his brilliant papers to THE HERALD. He evidently enjoyed its pages if he did not profit by them. We shall miss his visits, and are afraid his paper, that has lived only through his presence, will look blank without the brightness of his face, and soon follow him into newspaper decesses. Peace to the ashes that had seldom peace in their organic estate.

SENATOR WILSON.—The Commonwealth talks with and of Mr. Wilson at Natick as follows:—

"To this town," said the Senator, "I came on foot, at the age of twenty-one years, from Farmington, New Hampshire. It was a hundred odd miles, and it cost me just a dollar and six cents." "And for what purpose did you come to Natick?" was the inquiry. "To learn to make shoes," said the Senator. "It was thirty-six years ago, and there were then but a few houses where now you see a large village." We looked at him as if doubting that the finely-developed, massive figure of the Senator had ever been, as in old time was the custom, seated on a leather-cushioned bench, with leather apron on, a lapstone on his lap, and a shoe-hammer in his hand. But so it had indubitably been. We looked upon his face, retaining at the mature age of fifty-seven the brightness and the bloom of youth, and we recalled how we had first listened to him in the memorable political campaign of 1840, when he made his first appearance as the Natick Cobbler, and had been from that moment until the present ever a leader recognized and followed in the great contest for the freedom of the whole human race on this continent. There he was bodily before us, in his home, serene, his eyes glowing as he recalled the days of his obscure employment; not a faculty dimmed by the consecutive labors of so many years of Congressional and political life, a living embodiment of what the human frame can endure unharmed when the excesses and vices which so darken the intellects of too many public men are wisely and persistently shunned."

The King of Italy is breaking up the convent libraries and giving them over to cities. Great treasures are being unveiled. 400 more libraries are to be distributed. Among the results,—

"The archives of the city of Naples receive 30,473 parchments and 13 codices, 72,000 parchments and 1,000 codices being given to other archives in the Neapolitan territories. The archives of Lunera receive 2,436 parchments and 755 codices, many of them of the highest value. The University of Bologna is enriched with 900 parchments and paper codices, some of them also of extraordinary value, and 63 parchments."

Rev. Dr. Curry, in a personal statement of his relations to Lay Representation, says he signed the paper of Drs. McClintock, Foster, and Peck, through a yielding disposition, an infirmity of the spirit. He says:—

"I erred by too much good nature and persuadableness. The Lord forgive me, and I will try to do so no more."

We trust he will not give up all his good nature, if he does his "persuadableness." The former is very necessary in an editor's office, if nowhere else. It is also useful in the controversy *The Advocate* has precipitated upon the Church. Let brotherly love continue.

The Lord Bishop of Exeter died on Saturday Sept. 20.

#### TEMPERANCE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rev. A. B. Russell writes:—"First in order, both in point of time and importance, is the Temperance question. Massachusetts has spoken again and again, and we're waiting to hear her voice once more, and we hope it will not be an uncertain sound. The honest thinking men of New Hampshire, of both political parties, are getting waked up on this subject and are saying, 'Something must be done, and that speedily, to remove the destroying demon of intemperance from among the people.' Pettifoggery and dodging, to save party and retain tipping hangers on, at this stage of the contest, is an intolerable excuse, without basis in reason or expediency. The issue must be met squarely, 'rum or no rum.' Those who have so long coquetted with both sides of this question, are like smugglers stealing out of the Canadas with contraband goods, unwilling to have their packs searched; but they must show their hand. Which side of the conflict they will join, will depend greatly on circumstances, but when they are smoked out, they will take a stand somewhere, and we shall know whether they are friends or enemies, and act accordingly."

"A short time ago, the enterprising people of Lisbon and vicinity met to listen to a lecture by their popular preacher, Rev. R. S. Stubbs, who, after a brief statement of the history of the Temperance movement, wheeled into line square on Prohibition ground. For an hour and a half he held the audience listening to plain truths, candidly but boldly stated. Such is the style of men needed at this hour to drive home the great and saving doctrine of Prohibition. This is no time for ministers to 'shilly-shally' for fear of losing popularity or support. God will provide means by which the faithful are provided for if they do their whole duty."



## The Methodist Church.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**CORNISH.**—Rev. G. F. Wells writes: "Several" under the labors of Bro. L. Draper, my predecessor—had found the Saviour. At our first communion, June 1st, I baptized fourteen; and at our second communion, the first of the present month, one more—an aged man—saved as at the eleventh hour. Our social meetings are interesting, and Sabbath congregation is very encouraging. We have had such accessions to our numbers as we trust will add to our prosperity and the glory of God. In one thing I greatly rejoice, i. e., we have lay members that are personally engaged for Christ, and we are at peace among ourselves."

### VERMONT ITEMS.

The Vermont Christian Messenger of September 2, in reviewing a single sentence in my last on the subject of Camp-meetings, says:—

"We do not believe, however, in ministers establishing camp-meetings when the people are not with them in the work. They have done it for years, and effectually experimented on the theory, and are satisfied it is not for the best. If any are behind the times, the people, not the ministers of Vermont Conference, are the ones."

"But the people take a very common sense view of matters sometimes. It is no novelty for them to go into the woods. Our farmers have considerable experience in that direction. They do not flee from unhealthy locations to the camp. Their rural situations are all sanitary. They do not leave dead merchandise. Their stock is alive. They see no dull periods when it is 'fit to camp out.' Their business has greatly changed from the quiet farmer's course, to the constant working for and prompt meeting of the demands of the public market. Women and men on the farm are so much engaged to feed the multitude of non-producers of food, that camp-meetings in Vermont have lost in numbers, attendance, and interest."

I quote these remarks not with a view of offering any criticism to point out their fallacy; but with the intention of placing them in connection with a fact which has now passed into history, and which renders any such attempt on my part unnecessary.

While our good Vermont Methodists of certain sections of the State were regaling themselves with the editorial comments of which the above is an extract, and were thanking the good editor for having so charitably explained their seeming want of interest, two camp-meetings were in successful operation in the State. One on the St. Johnsbury District in the northeast part of the Conference, and one in the Burlington District. Of the first of these the Messenger itself says, "The annual gathering of the people of God, on this beautiful ground (Lyndonville), has been an occasion of unusual interest and profit to the hundreds who have spent the week together in prayer and praise and work for the Master. The grounds have been much improved through the wise liberality of the Railroad Company, and the erection of substantial houses by several societies, indicate that this is to be a permanent encampment for this part of the State."

"The number in attendance is slightly increased from last year (estimated as high as 8,000), while the ministerial force has received large accessions from adjoining districts. The preaching at the stand (which was of a high order), was by the following brethren, and in the order named:—

"H. A. Spencer, A. C. Stevens, H. T. Jones, J. O. Peck, J. C. W. Cox, C. W. Cushing, I. G. Bidwell, C. S. Harrington, A. Webster, and E. W. Parker. Revs. T. Trevilian, D. Packer, and Z. S. Haynes preached in the tent on Tuesday evening."

"The Love-feast on Friday morning was an occasion not soon to be forgotten. Within an hour and a half more than two hundred and twenty-five testified to the power of grace, many of whom witnessed of the 'blood that cleanseth,' and hundreds, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, told of the joy of conscious salvation. The tide of holy feeling rose higher and higher, until this final testimony, when a sweeping wave of glory seemed to go over the encampment and shouts and tears told of joy unutterable and full of glory. Many hearts echoed the wish of a zealous brother, that the sun might stand still if but for five minutes, while we enjoyed this Pentecostal season."

"Following this a missionary meeting of great interest was held, which was addressed by Bro. A. Webster, who gave some account of our work in South Carolina; C. W. Cushing, who spoke for the Woman's Missionary Society, and E. W. Parker, with regard to the special modes of work in India. This was a new feature in connection with camp-meeting, and was pronounced a success."

"Saturday dawned bright and beautiful as a smile of God, and witnessed the closing service of the week. After an earnest and beautifully appropriate address by Bro. Luce, the Presiding Elder of the District—of whose efficiency in the management of the meeting its marked success speaks eloquently—a procession was formed, headed by the ministers present, and marched around the ground singing, 'We're going home to die no more.' Reaching the stand, the ministers stood in line while the people passed before them, shaking their hands, and taking their leave of these honored servants of God, with tearful earnestness invoking the divine blessing upon them. The whole scene was singularly impressive and solemn, especially as the brethren took their leave of Bro. Parker, who is soon to return to his work in India."

"They looked like men in uniform,  
They looked like men of war;"

and they girded themselves with new strength in the name of the Lord and His anointed for their glorious work.

"Hallowed memories centre in this consecrated grove. Long may it be the spiritual Jerusalem of the Israel of God. X."

Need I say that the facts embraced in this report, plead eloquently in opposition to the theory that the circumstances of our people are necessarily unfavorable to their attendance upon camp-meetings? From whence came this multitude? Was it "from unhealthy locations," "dead merchandise," and because of "novelty" and "dull seasons"?

An experienced minister present, observed to the writer, that "it was the best camp-meeting ever held in the State," and ministers who were present at the National Camp-meeting at Round Lake, spoke of this as being "superior in tone," even to that.

The Methodist Church at Newport, Vt., will (D. V.) be dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, on Friday, September 17.

Prof. C. W. Cushing of Auburndale, Mass., will preach at two o'clock, P. M., and Prof. I. G. Bidwell of the same place, at seven o'clock P. M.

After the sermon in the evening there will be a "farewell service," to take leave of Rev. E. W. Parker and wife, who start for their mission field in India, October 1st.

The Vermont Conference Seminary, on Seminary Hill, Montpelier, commenced its fall term last week with over two hundred pupils, and that number has been daily increasing since then. The trustees and managers are providing for all that come, and many improvements for comfort and adornment have been made in and about the grounds and buildings. The prospects of the school are bright and promising in all directions. When the main Seminary building shall be completed, which we trust will be next year, we shall hope and expect to find from three to five hundred students pursuing the pleasant paths of knowledge on Seminary Hill.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

**LUNENBURG.**—During the summer our brethren here have repaired their church and parsonage at a cost of about \$1,000. The work is now done except the painting of the parsonage, which will probably be done in a few weeks. Last Sabbath we reopened our church. The sermon in the forenoon was by the pastor, from Psalm cxii. 1, 2. In the afternoon Rev. Bro. Harding of Fitchburg, preached a good sermon on the Reasonableness of the Christian Religion, from Isa. i. 18, after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. The latter service was one of especially rich blessing to our souls.

Our church here, built forty years ago, has never had a vestry; this autumn we anticipate building one. We are encouraged to undertake this good work, by the liberality of one of our "fathers in Israel," Maj. Eph. Jones. There are some things which our church very much needs yet. But our brethren feel that they cannot now do all that should be done. To instance only one of our lacks; we very much need a new Bible and hymn-book. Maybe some friend of Lunenburg, or of Methodism, or the cause of Christ, would be glad to render us a little help in some such small thing. Any such help may be sent to the pastor, L. P. Causey.

Our work here is encouraging. We have a good congregation and a large Sabbath-school. There have been some forerunning drops of a revival shower. May God precious visit this community!

L. P. CAUSEY.

Will everybody, and especially every Wilbraham Academy body, read this note of Bro. Furber's, and send him a donation. He has done marvelously; let him be helped over this bar. Only one hundred and fifty \$10 bills are needed. Who'll give one?

"We need about \$1,500 more to complete our \$10,000 subscription. This must be obtained this month to make them binding. The ground has been over, some of it several times. We must not fail now. A little from each will make it a success."

We shall be glad to publish these last gifts. Send them along instantly.

We call the attention of the Presiding Elders to the suggestions following:—

The local preachers within the bounds of most of the Annual Conferences, have organized associations for mutual improvement. In calling these meetings we have met with great difficulty from not knowing the address of the preachers. This was especially the case when the National Association met in Boston, and we wanted to notify every local preacher in New England. Now all this difficulty might be easily obviated by carrying out a resolution of the General Conference published in the Discipline on page 325 which is as follows:—

*Resolved*, that we recommend to the Annual Conferences that they publish in their Conference Minutes annually, the names and post-office address of all the local preachers within their bounds, designating whether the preacher be an elder, deacon, or only licensed. Also, that when practicable, they publish in the minutes, brief obituary notices of our local brethren who have died during the year."

Now I suggest that the Presiding Elders might, with very little extra labor, report to the Conferences these statistics; and I believe it would give them real pleasure to discharge this duty. The local preachers are among the under-officers of the brigades of which they are the generals.

Now, Mr. Editor, as you are a friend to everybody, which

includes local preachers, will you give this communication a place in THE HERALD where all the Presiding Elders will see it, and add a word yourself to enforce it; and I shall expect to see the next annual minutes all right.

J. E. RISLEY,

Ex-travelling preacher, now Local Elder.

**MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.**—One of the most interesting and profitable meetings in connection with the Ashbury Grove Camp-meeting, was that of the Maternal Association, held on the afternoons of Thursday and Friday, in the Meridian St. tent.

A large number was present on each occasion, and many a heart was cheered and encouraged in a higher, holier trust in the divine Father, while listening to a narration of what God had done for those, who, in humble reliance on His word, had committed their children to His care. Several present pledged themselves to make an effort to organize these societies in connection with their own Church at home.

The following thoughts were suggested by one present, and received by the entire number as the expression of their own feelings:—

We believe in the efficacy of prayer—especially in the united prayer of God's people. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," are the words of our divine Lord.

It is the appointed and only way by which we may have access to the throne of God. We believe that He who heard the Syro-phenician woman in behalf of her child, will hear us, if we come with faith in His power to save.

We can, therefore, confidently commend these "Mothers' Concerts of Prayer," to all the churches as having, first, the promise of the divine blessing; and secondly, wherever adopted, as yielding the most precious and heart-cheering fruits.

We feel that in view of the multiplied agencies of Satan to allure and ensnare our youth, we cannot be too earnest in prayer, nor too vigilant in guiding our children in the way of life, and while we feel our own incompetency for such a work, we will look to the One who has bidden such to ask wisdom of Him, and promised to give liberally.

We are firmly persuaded that we better subserve the interests of the nation, as well as that of our holy religion, and act in accordance with all the refined feelings of our sex, by so training our sons that they shall be the exponents and representatives of our thoughts at the ballot-box, rather than by leaving them to the world, and then in after years seeking to antagonize their actions by our own.

Hamilton Camp-meeting ground lost over sixty trees in the tornado. The Mt. Bellingham tent, a new and fine structure, was cut in two; other tents were injured. Many of these trees are the progeny of those that were blown down in the great gale of 1816. They have gone the way of their fathers. As the woods are well stocked this loss will not be incurable.

**DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.**—An interesting meeting will be held at Bromfield Street Church on Tuesday, Oct. 5, on the occasion of the departure of Rev. E. W. Parker and wife, and Misses Thoburn and Swan, for India. Several of our best known speakers will be present and address the meeting.

### MISSISSIPPI.

**CHURCH BUILDING.**—The Methodist Episcopal Church, at Forest, Scott County, is about complete, and will shortly be dedicated. It is estimated that it will seat about four hundred persons.

The M. E. Church at Brandon will be commenced shortly; the lumber has been purchased.

The M. E. Church at Clinton, it is expected, will be completed by the middle of October.

The M. E. Church at Bay St. Louis, in the southern part of this State, was dedicated on last Sabbath. It is a plain but commodious and neat building.

### INDIANA.

**REVIVAL IN RICHMOND.**—The great revival in Richmond, Indiana, is still in progress, and, in some respects, is one of the most remarkable events of the kind on record. Near eight hundred persons have united with the churches.

### CONFERENCE VOTE.

An error crept into our last week's statement of the vote. The total was called the affirmative vote, and the affirmative the negative. We give a correct summary of the whole vote to date, and its proportion:—

	For.	Against.	Total.
Colorado.....	12	0	12
Delaware.....	27	1	28
Oregon.....	23	13	46
Nevada.....	5	5	10
East Tennessee.....	123	27	150
Des Moines.....	76	3	79
Cincinnati.....	93	38	131
California.....	67	19	86
Central German.....	55	12	67
Detroit.....	125	24	149
Iowa.....	82	8	90
Indiana.....	69	23	92
N. W. Indiana.....	66	28	94
North Ohio.....	66	43	114
	890	209	1168



## The Christian World.

### MISSION FIELD. MISSIONARY AGENTS.

Twice within a year, ZION'S HERALD has suggested to the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that the employment of Agents, or additional Secretaries, would be very beneficial to the Missionary Treasury; and it twice named some excellent brethren, whom it deemed to be well qualified for such agencies. To give weight to this suggestion, a very influential Committee came from Boston to New York, and had an interview with the Society at its annual meeting, which Society chanced to be in session at that time. The knowledge of this suggestion by THE HERALD, and of the visit of this excellent Committee, has gone forth to the Church, and naturally awakens a desire to know what has been done by the Board, and why it has been done. The following communication was made by authority, and was addressed to Hon. William Claflin, and others who composed the Committee.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1868.

To Hon. WILLIAM CLAFLIN and others:—

Dear Brethren,—Your communication addressed to the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was presented by an influential delegation, at the annual meeting of the Society, on the 16th inst., was referred to the Board; and at the same time, the propriety of making an appropriation for the object contemplated, was referred by the Society to the General Missionary Committee, then holding its annual session.

After careful consultation, the General Missionary Committee adopted a resolution to the effect, that "in the judgment of the Committee it is inexpedient to make any appropriation with a view to the employment of special agencies in the collection of missionary funds." Thereafter, at a regular meeting of the Board, held on the 17th inst., your communication was read and considered.

The Board was impressed with the importance of the request contained in it, emanating, as it does, from so large a number of our excellent and beloved brethren at Boston, whose zeal and service in the cause of missions justly entitle them and their request to the most respectful consideration, yet there were two grounds of difficulty in the way of acceding to the request, which we will briefly state:—

I. By the action of the General Conference (see Discipline, p. 240) "the support of missions is committed to the churches, congregations, and societies, as such." We have had continual occasion to mark the beneficial effect of this law of the Church, and of the willingness and efficiency of the pastors on whom the responsibility of executing it has devolved, in presenting to their several charges the claims of the missionary cause.

The last General Conference, also, not only refused to add to the corps of Secretaries to the Society, but suppressed the functions of one of the former Secretaries, whose duties led him to a field similar to that contemplated by the appointment you have requested.

We interpret this action of the highest authority of the Church, as an expression of the sentiment, that it is not wise to withdraw from the pastors the responsibility imposed on them by the Discipline, in respect to the support of missions.

II. The Board of Managers has never assumed the authority of making an appointment of the character proposed. Indeed, the General Conference has reserved this authority to themselves, as will be seen by reference to the Constitution of the Society; wherein it is expressly provided, that the Corresponding Secretary shall be appointed, and his assistants elected by the General Conference.

The undersigned, as a Committee, were charged by the Board, with the duty of expressing to you the convictions of the Board, in the matter, and of making a reply to your communication.

With sentiments of high regard for each of you personally, and with the warmest commendation of your zeal in the cause of missions which has inspired your request, we are dear brethren, yours fraternally.

E. L. FANCHER,  
M. D. C. CRAWFORD,  
DANIEL WISE,  
OLIVER HOTT,  
H. M. FORRESTER, } Committee.

### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. MISCELLANEOUS.

ROME'S STRUGGLE FOR PREDOMINANCE IN AMERICA.—It appears probable that the main battle with Popery will be fought in the New World. The Papists are active in the United States. Though there is no State Establishment of religion there, yet they have, under one pretext or another, secured very large grants by way of denominational endowments. These have been the bribes by which officials have secured the votes of the Papal party. These endowments very far exceed those of any other sect. The divines and politicians of the great Republican party, the Conservatives of the States, begin to find the action of the Romanists hostile to the progress of religion and freedom. Hence a conflict has arisen. After having got rid of slavery, the movement party among the Republicans now intend to throw themselves on Roman Catholicism. May it be the final great struggle of the one baleful thing, as it was of the other! We hope, too, that Reform will arise from within the bosom of the Romish Church—that some of the good elements there will ferment, and throw off the scum of tradition.—*The Freeman.* English paper.

THE BALLOT AND THE CONFESSIONAL.—When under examination before the Elections Committee the other day, Dr. Butler, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick was asked how the ballot and the confessional would work together. His reply was that a penitent in confession would only divulge how he had voted in case he thought that his vote had been a sinful one. His own opinion was decidedly in favor of the ballot. The Right Rev. Prelate did not explain what might or might not constitute the sinfulness of a vote in the eyes of a Roman Catholic priest.

The new building of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, is believed to be the finest edifice ever erected by any similar organization. Its proportions and ornamentations are peculiarly graceful and appropriate. The dimensions are: length, 175 feet; width, 83 feet in front, 97 in rear. It will be five stories high.

The *John Bull* learns with regret that it is thought, by those well informed, quite possible that the new Irish Church Body will unite with the Presbyterians, and thus give practical effect to Mr. Johnson's statement, that the Irish Church will be more Protestant than the English Establishment.

There is much religious interest at Washington, connected with the Young Men's Christian Association meetings, and numerous conversions have been reported.

Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, has been presented with a ring made from one of the golden spikes used in laying the last rail of the Union Pacific Railroad. The ring bears these words: "The Mountain Wedding," at which it will be remembered, Dr. Todd was the officiating clergyman.

Rev. Dr. Ewald, of London, has baptized thirteen Jewish converts during the year, and one hundred and thirty-six in eighteen years.

There were once 1,175 worshippers in the Synagogue at Newport; now not a resident Jew is found there.

REMARKABLE REVIVALS.—Our western exchanges speak of a revival of religion in Richmond, Indiana, which began in January and continues still with unabated interest and power. One remarkable feature of this revival is, that it has extended to the Quakers, whose views it has completely revolutionized. A correspondent of a secular paper, speaking of the unusual interest in the Quaker meetings, says: "The Quakers (Friends) have, as you know, birthright membership, which makes them nominal Christians from the time they are born. But this revival in the Friends Church has convinced them and others, who never thought of it before, that nominal Christianity is quite different from actual Christianity, founded upon conversion. The revival among the Friends, began in their evening prayer-meetings held during the week, a thing for them entirely novel. At these prayer-meetings no one is called upon to pray or lead in prayer, but the time is occupied with voluntary prayer, alternating with short remarks, experiences, exhortations, &c., from those who have recently been converted."

## Camp Meetings.

### LYNDON.

"Holiness unto the Lord" was the motto inscribed on our banner; and "Holiness unto the Lord" was the prevailing feature of the meeting as the texts which were used indicate. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" "Come let us build up the wall of Jerusalem that we be no more a reproach;" "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed;" "Let us go on unto perfection;" "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up;" "Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him;"—are some of the texts which were used to enforce practical and personal holiness on the people. As might be expected the results were glorious. We cannot, perhaps, count the converts by as large numbers as on some other occasions; but what is more important, the membership of the Church has received a baptism of power that is the guarantee, not of the death of the converts already made, but of a gracious harvest of souls in every field represented.

And to this primitive preaching and primitive living do we look for the greatest success in fulfilling our mission. God raised up the Methodist Church for this specific work, and in proportion as she is faithful to her calling will He bless her.

The Lyndon camp-meeting was a triumphant vindication of this position, for while the Church was thus seeking to be made "perfect in love," sinners were at the same time crying out, "What must I do to be saved?"

The penitents were of all ages, from the child of 8 and 10 years, to the old sinner of nearly 70, and all alike, when they believed in Jesus, were made happy in His love.

Quite a number of small children were enabled to testify that God "hath power on earth to forgive sins."

A missionary meeting held Friday morning was one of the peculiarities of the meeting. Dr. Webster, Prof. Cushing, and Bro. E. W. Parker, presented the claims respectively of the work in the South, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the successes in India. At the close of this service a collection was taken for Bro. Parker, as a token of regard for him personally, and of interest in his work.

In his acknowledgment he said he would buy a horse with the money, and when riding over his mission field would feel that the loving hands of his Vermont brethren were drawing him.

The power of God was wonderfully manifested in several of the prayer-meetings during the week; but at the love-feast it exceeded anything most of those present ever witnessed.

Some 225 spoke in a little over an hour, and towards the close the feeling became too deep for utterance except in exclamations. Minutes sometimes elapsed when no one spoke except to exclaim, "Glory," "Hallelujah," "Praise the Lord," etc.

These exclamations were heard over the whole encampment. They were not the shout of mere animal excitement, but of the deepest emotions of the soul,—as when the earth trembles with the convulsions of the mighty earthquake, so every one of that multitude seemed moved by the awful presence of God. Seldom has a scene occurred more closely resembling the day and occasion when Peter said, "These are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which is spoken by the prophet Joel, 'And it shall come to pass in the last days,' saith God, 'I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your

daughters shall prophesy.'" May such scenes be repeated many times more frequently than they have been; and the time soon come when, not on the camp-ground simply, but on every mountain, and in every valley, and from shore to shore, a song of universal acclaim shall be heard.

"Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

H. A. SPENCER, Secretary.

### KEARSARGE.

The Kearsarge Camp-ground is beautifully located on the line of the Northern Railroad, about one mile from West Andover, and three from the summit of the mountains. A spot more beautiful for scenery and flanked by more healthful mountain breezes could hardly have been selected.

The ground was well seated, and some good permanent houses erected. The attendance was good and the order perfect. The preaching was eminently spiritual, and many seemed to drink it in as the water of life. Many of our prayer-meetings were occasions of power, while in our love-feast the Spirit of the Master rested upon us, (180) one hundred and thirty testified, in an hour, of the power of Christ to save.

That the meeting was a success, none who attended for the week can doubt, and we bespeak for it an increased power and usefulness, till it shall equal many of the older feasts of the Church.

Much praise is due to our beloved Presiding Elder, Rev. G. W. H. Clark, for his labor and direction, in starting and successfully carrying on this meeting. A. C. C.

### NORTHPORT.

After an excellent Camp-meeting at East Machias, Dr. Thayer and the editor of ZION'S HERALD passed on to Calais, where they spent the Sabbath preaching to the people and addressing the Sunday-schools; thence to Bangor, via Princeton, Topshfield, and Lincoln, and arrived at Northport Tuesday noon. Your correspondent, with a few friends, left Machiasport by steamer, and arrived at Castine, Monday afternoon, August 30, where we took ship and sailed over against Long Island. Partly because the winds were contrary, and partly because our captain had not felt the blessed effects of the Maine Law, we decided to spend the night with this not barbarous people, who showed us no little kindness when they could see by the morning light what we really were, though in the night they refused to receive us into their houses gladly, lest they might not entertain angels unaware. So we kindled a fire because of the cold, and piling up our trunks to windward, laid down on the little stones of the beach for the night, with nothing but the starry sky above us. About the noon of night Luna unveiled her face, and greeted us with smiles. As true miracles are wrought amidst the light of day, and as we arrived there in the night, and as we gathered bundles of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came no viper out of the heat, and fastened upon our hands; we could give no such proof of our apostleship. The next morning we went on board and sailed toward Brigadier Island, and then tacking ship we were soon anchored near the shores of Northport. When we saw the brethren, we thanked God and took courage. Arrived on the encampment just in season to hear the discussion of the living question of the ages—"What think ye of Christ?"

This is the central Camp-meeting of the East Maine Conference. There are representatives here from the banks of the Kennebec, the Piscataquis, the St. Croix, the upper Penobscot, and the shores of the Atlantic along the coast of Maine from Eastport to the mouth of the Kennebec. There were probably more than seventy-five clergymen on the grounds during the week. The order, within the circle of tents, was generally very good. The preaching, on the average, was better than usual, though some sermons might have been improved by a little more of the light of Calvary. Rev. L. D. Wardwell presided in place of Rev. C. B. Dunn, as he was sick and absent. The tent meetings, especially the last half of the meeting, were seasons of interest and power. The public social services near the close were pervaded by the divine presence, and when we left, Friday afternoon, there was a prospect of a glorious ending. The members of the churches were blessed of God, and some souls were converted, to be followed, we trust, by greater results in all the territory represented. The boarding tent, with the financial department generally, was very well managed, though a more comprehensive and effectual financial system might be introduced and maintained with greater ease and better results. The steamboats arriving or departing during the hours of service, the road running up the banks right through the auditory, with persons floating up or down during the services, is an unmitigated public nuisance that ought to be abated, or the encampment removed. The congregation was entirely broken up Thursday afternoon, by steamboat bells and whistles. If the people endure such things they neither know their rights nor dare maintain them. There is just as much law on the water as on the land side.

A motion to hold the meeting one week earlier, was lost by a few votes. The weather was too cold for comfort, the evenings and nights decidedly so. A change of time would have been wise. The meeting at East Machias was one week earlier, and was well attended even by farmers. A proposition to enclose the grounds and charge ten cents admission to pay necessary expenses was unwisely voted down. Probably ten thousand people came on to the encampment during the week. Ten cents from each would pay the indebtedness and the current expenses. This would equalize the expenses. It is only a question of time. The world moves.



## The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of Zion's Herald.

**WORK FOR THE SEASON.**—Potatoes should be dug now and the land ploughed to turn under the weeds. When potatoes are likely to rot they should not be put into the cellar in large heaps.

**APPLES.**—Save all the windfalls and have them made into cider for vinegar. As the crop is light this year, such apples are worth saving.

**SEED CORN** should be selected from the field just as soon as it is ripe.

**CATTLE SHOWS** are now being held, and every farmer who can, should take some of his farm products along to the exhibition. Compete for the premiums, and take them too. If this cannot be done, let the men and boys attend to see what others have to show, and learn what they can, and catch the spirit of enterprise, so much needed, that they may return to their farms with new and higher purposes.

**SOWING TO GRASS.**—It is not yet too late to attend to this important work. Be careful and not use too much seed.

**SQUASHES**, as soon as fully ripe, should be picked, and put where they can be covered up from frosts and storms.

**PICKLES.**—The sooner the work of making pickles is attended to the better. Frost will soon take the vines. Cucumbers are generally used for pickles. Cauliflower is excellent for pickling.

**FALL PLOUGHING.**—Many of the old farmers object to fall ploughing, especially of corn fields, because it exposes the manure in the hills, which is liable to be blown off during the winter. We have never been able to get any other good reason from those who object to ploughing at this season of the year, and later. Our experience is, that it is better to plough nearly all lands in the fall. It covers up all the weeds and other rubbish, all of which decays and adds to the fertility of the soil. The land is in very much better condition the next spring for such treatment, and if ploughed very late, many insects and worms injurious to vegetation are destroyed. Let such work be done at every convenient opportunity.

**BEANS** should be protected from the weather in some way until dry enough to thresh.

**FEEDING HORSES.**—Many a person actually injures his horse by over-feeding of hay. They are over-kind to the animal. Fourteen pounds of hay a day is fully enough for any horse used for driving, while the great majority of people who own horses feed much more than this.

**PASTURING MOWING LANDS.**—It is the custom among average farmers to feed off the second growth of their meadows. In our opinion the hay crop of America is vastly injured, both in quality and quantity, by this practice, and the value of the fall feed is in the long run much less than the value of the extra and better hay that would result if the practice were discontinued. We are often cautioned not to feed off the aftermath so closely as to leave no protection against frost. The fine mat of dried grass remaining on a field during the winter has but little influence against the action of a frost which penetrates sometimes to the depth of from three to five feet into the soil; no doubt, even a slight coating of grass on the surface, like a thin mulch of straw or sea-weed, by preventing frequent freezing and thawing, has a beneficial effect, both by preventing the throwing out of roots in winter, and by really making the soil richer. But there is a better argument than this. If forest-trees are cut off at the ground in the summer time their roots almost invariably die, or the shoots that they throw up the following season are feeble and scanty; if, on the other hand, they are allowed to grow undisturbed, until after winter sets in, and are then cut off, the shoots which grow from the stumps the next year will be much more numerous and more vigorous.

If a field of turnips were mowed over early in August, the leaves being entirely removed, and were then allowed to grow undisturbed, the roots would attain a tolerable size; but if the cutting were repeated two or three times during that and the following month, very little root would be formed. These examples illustrate the well-known action of nearly all perennial and biennial vegetation during the latter part of the growing season. The plant starts in spring by using the nutritious matter stored in its root; and in the case of grass, and probably of most other plants, matter is deposited in the roots during the latter part of the season, after the full development of leaves, and in the case of seedling plants after the seed has been perfected. We may expect—indeed, practice proves—that we shall attain comparatively the same result from the late summer cutting or feeding of our meadow lands, that we would from a similar cutting of a forest or of a turnip patch. Meadow grasses start in the spring without available leaves. They form fresh leaves out of the matter stored in the roots. They then go on, and by the aid of these leaves, produce more leaves, stems, and seeds. At the proper time we cut off almost the entire plant. If left to itself from this time on, it forms enough new leaves to accumulate a large amount of plant nutriment in the roots, ready for the early growth of the following season. We interfere with this process by cutting off the leaves after the first hay crop is removed; or by allowing them to be eaten off by pasturing animals, we reduce the store of nutriment, on whose abundance the abundance and early maturity of the next season's crop largely depend. We are now stating general principles, rather than precise directions; for many fields so situated as to commence their growth early in the spring, and whose soil is rich, may be mowed twice during the season, without material injury. This is a question of practice that must be decided according to the circumstances of individual cases; but as a rule it is safer not to crop too closely, and it is as well demonstrated by practice as it is proven by theory, that

the excessive removal or the growth of the latter part of the season is a permanent injury to the crop. In addition to this, which, in our view, is the strongest objection to the pasturing of mowing lands, the disturbance of the soil by the hoofs of animals, especially during wet weather, is a serious disadvantage. The degree to which this will operate as an objection depends on the character of the land. If a meadow produces two and a half tons of good hay in each year, that is enough to ask of it. At any ordinary agricultural price it is paying a very large interest on its cost; and the length of time during which it will continue to do so, will depend, more than on anything else, on the care with which it is treated after the main crop has been removed. — *Agriculturist*.

**ROADS ON THE FARM.**—We do not mean public roads, but such as the farmer must have to pass over his farm, particularly with his team and his stock. These roads must be used more or less during the season, especially early in the spring, and also much in the fall.

Now, what do we find with such roads in the spring? Mud. Is not this almost uniformly the case? And these roads are more travelled by the farmer than the public highway. The highway is bad enough in the spring. But here, where there is much going to and fro during the spring's work, and earlier—here is comparatively, a worse road than in the hard beaten highway. We seldom work our roads on the farm; this is the difficulty. It is a mere passage way, as any part of the farm might be made, and often is, as the bad condition of such roads requires turning out into the field, cutting up that also.

A little trouble will secure a good passable road. And it is yours, — used by you alone, — and you can keep it good — you are not working for another. Simply run a ditch along each side of the road. If quite clayey and wet, sink the ditch well and throw on the road; have a narrow road — there is no turning out here — and have a little higher in the centre. This is draining, and will drain your land immediately contiguous.

This is all. But not even this is done, save by a few farmers. They prefer the mud. A good farm has good roads of this description, that it is a delight to see and go over. Cattle love to walk them, and so do horses. Such roads have good gates where needed, and you do not need to go to the most distant parts of the farm. — *Rural New Yorker*.

Orange quince-trees, when matured, often yield about a barrel to a tree, worth from \$8 to \$10 per barrel. It is profitable to cultivate quince-trees extensively where the climate is favorable, but they cannot stand a climate where the thermometer falls more than 12 degrees below zero. In Central New York, all the trees were killed years ago by the frost. The trees should be set ten feet apart to produce the best result.

## Science and Art.

**ORIGIN OF TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.**—Four theories exist in regard to the origin of the earth's magnetism. One conceives that the earth is possessed of independent magnetism, having its focus near the centre; this is exploded. Another that the earth is magnetic entirely by comical influence, and has its focus near its centre. A third so-called theory that the crust is the seat of the magnetism, is really no theory at all, but simply the statement of a well established fact. The modern theory is that electric currents move through the crust, from east to west, induced chiefly by the rotation and the action of the sun's heat, and that the compass-needle places itself across these currents, after the law discovered by Oerstedt, in 1820. When these currents deviate from the true east and west directions, the needle must of course deviate from the true north, and this explains at once the declination, variation, etc., of the compass. — *Journal of Mining*.

**POPULATION OF THE WORLD.**—There are on the globe about 1,288,000,000 of souls, of which 360,000,000 are of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 are of the Mongol race; 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race; 176,000,000 are of the Malay race; 1,000,000 are of the Indo-American race.

There are 3,642 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions.

The yearly mortality of the globe is 333,333,333 persons. That is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature.

The average of human life is 33 years. One fourth of the population dies at or before the age of 7 years.

One half at or before 17 years.

Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 the age of 90, one in 100 lives to the age of 60. Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons 65 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months of the year.

One eighth of the whole population is military.

Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators or public speakers, 4 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military employees, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 professors, and 24 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of others, die the soonest.

There are 335,000,000 Christians.  
There are 5,000,000 Israelites.  
There are 60,000,000 Asiatic religions.  
There are 160,000,000 Mohammedans.  
There are 200,000,000 Pagans.  
In the Christian Churches, 170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic.  
75,000,000 profess the Greek faith.  
60,000,000 profess the Protestant. — *Leisure Hour*.

The average wear of the tracks of the railroads of the United States is estimated at 7 per cent per annum. Taking the length of the roads at 42,250 miles, the annual wear consumes sufficient iron to lay 2,527 miles of track, or enough to lay a road from here to San Francisco. Ninety tons are required for a mile of single track, so that 226,175 tons are used up annually by the locomotive and cars.

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE FOR TELEGRAPHING.**—There is no other spoken language so cheap and expressive by Telegraph as the English. So the electric wires are becoming teachers of our mother tongue in foreign countries. The same amount of information can be transmitted in fewer English

words than French, German, Italian, or any other European language. In Germany and Holland especially, it is coming to be a common thing to see telegrams in English, to save expense and insure precision.

**A REMARKABLE CAVE.**—A remarkable natural cave has just been discovered near "White Pine," in the newly developed silver district of Nevada. The opening is about six feet in diameter. On clearing the aperture from the loose rocks with which it was encumbered, a room twenty-five by forty feet was discovered, with passages leading from it to an indefinite distance, none of which has yet been explored. The walls are composed of limestone, intermixed with spar and mineral-bearing quartz, which promises to yield rich returns to the miners.

**MOSQUITOES.**—The eggs of the mosquito are laid in a bowl-shaped mass upon the surface of stagnant water by the mother fly. After hatching out they finally become the "wiggles" or wriggling worms that may be seen in the summer in any barrel of water that is exposed to the atmosphere for any length of time. Finally, the "wiggles" come to the surface, and the full-fledged mosquito bursts out of them at first with very short limp wings, which in a short time grow both in length and stiffness. The sexes then couple and the above process is repeated again and again, probably several times in the course of one season. It is a curious fact that the male mosquito, which may be known by its feathered antennae, is physically known incapable of sucking blood. The mosquito is not an unmitigated pest. Although in the winged state the female sucks our blood and disturbs our rest, in the larva state the insect is decidedly beneficial by purifying stagnant water, that would otherwise breed malarial diseases. Linnaeus long ago showed that if you place two barrels of stagnant water side by side, neither of them containing any "wiggles" or other living animals, and cover one of them over with gauze, leaving the other one uncovered so that it will soon become full of "wiggles," hatched out from the eggs deposited by the female mosquito, then the covered barrel will in a few weeks become very offensive, and the uncovered barrel will emit no impure and unsavory vapors. — *Entomologist*.

## The Righteous Dead.

Mrs. ELIZABETH W. BATES, wife of Rev. Lewis Bates, began this earth life in Sandwich, N. H., May 6, 1789, and died of apoplexy in Dighton, Mass., Sept. 2, 1869, aged 79 years, 3 months, and 25 days.

"Mother Bates" has gone. Four years ago last March, after fifty-eight years of life spent together in the deep sorrows and holy joys of the itinerancy, she saw her husband cease from toil, and enter immediate rest. There are three facts that seem to give a radiance to her long, eventful, and happy life: First, the warmth of her own experience. Converted in her fourteenth summer, religion was something more than a sentiment—it was a living experience, a vital element, undimmed and unchilled from childhood to age; Christ in the life, and the life in Christ. Her affection for, and influence over home. What better evidence that a mother had met the duties and responsibilities of home than the fact her children are all sharers in a renewed life? And amid the agonies of the burial-hour, when they felt "death was death," yet there Christ had given death its bounds. Again, her devotion for, and power to inspire the Church of her choice. The many years allotted to her as an itinerant's wife did not exhaust her devotion to the Church. None rejoiced more heartily in the prosperity of the Church; none shared more of solicitude amid its trials than she. It was more than a sad day when a loved Church bore away from its altar the coffin, burdened with wreath, cross, and bouquet, to its resting-place beside him who had shared life's toils with her. Tender shall be our remembrances of thee, O mother in Israel! A. ANDERSON.

Taunton, Sept. 8, 1869.

Sister ELIZABETH N. JOYCE, wife of Bro. Charles E. Joyce, died in Medford, on Saturday, Aug. 21, at 10 P. M. She was a true wife, an affectionate mother, a faithful daughter, a sympathizing sister, an excellent neighbor, a warm friend, and an exemplary Christian. Earnest, energetic, and persevering, with a kind word for all, and to all; recommending, in public and private, the religion which graced her life; anxious for the prosperity of Zion, and toiling continually for it at home and abroad, she has won the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." We all miss her deeply, in the neighborhood, the society, the Sabbath-school, and the Church. She was 28 years old. Her sickness was very brief, her departure sudden and unexpected; yet she was ready. Early in the evening she told her husband that she felt that she would soon leave him. Surprised, for he believed her to be recovering, yet true as a Christian, he controlled his agonized feelings, and said, "Lizzie, dear, if such should be the case, it is all right, is it not?" "Yes, Charlie, all is bright and clear," was her triumphant reply. Soon after she passed from earth to heaven. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." N. T. W.

Died, in Methuen, Mass., July 13, Bro. JOSEPH GARDNER, aged 59 years.

Bro. Gardner had for many years been a member of the M. E. Church, lived an exemplary life, and died in triumphant hope of a blessed immortality. J. N.

Sister ANNIE, wife of John Manning, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas, in Waite, Me., Aug. 26, aged 63 years.

She had long suffered of tumor. She was converted to God, and joined the M. E. Church, at 19 years of age. She died in great peace, and has gone to dwell with Jesus in Paradise. H. P. BLOOD.

Died, in Machias, Aug. 25, 1869, MARY, wife of Eben Voss, aged 71 years.

Sister Voss joined the M. E. Church in 1844. She possessed a mild and gentle disposition, was amiable and thoughtful, adorning her profession with a godly walk, being highly esteemed by all who knew her. Peace to her memory. S. S. GROSS.

Died, at New Salem, Mass., May 1, 1869, Mrs. ESTHER, wife of Samuel G. Underwood, aged 69 years.

Sister Underwood has been a worthy and consistent member of the M. E. Church for more than thirty years. Death came at an unexpected hour, but did not find her unprepared. No danger was apprehended by herself or her friends until a few hours before her departure; and for this reason she did not converse much about death, and the future life. But such has been her Christian character, that we doubt not her spirit rests with God. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." May God sanctify her death to the good of her bereaved companion and sorrowing children. Athol Depot, June 14, 1869. C. L. McCURDY.

CHARLES BECKWITH, of Willimantic, Ct., departed this life, Aug. 1, 1869, aged 87 years.

For about seventy years he maintained a "good profession before many witnesses," being familiar with most of the pioneers of New England Methodism. His character was marked by great firmness, consistency, devotion, prayer, and faith; and with scarce a struggle or a groan, he entered "into the joy of his Lord."



## The Secular World.

**NEWS NOTES.**—Lady Palmerston, the widow of Lord Palmerston, died in London, on the 11th. —Twenty-four thousand troops are to be sent to Cuba. —Subscriptions for the relief of the Avondale sufferers have been coming in quite liberally. —A body of cavalry has been sent to Virginia to enforce the revenue laws. —A member of the French Corps Legislatif has written a letter, calling upon the Chambers to assemble, of their own free will, on the 25th prox., if the government fails to convoke the assembly according to the Constitution. —Rumors are current in London that Napoleon is about to abdicate. —The Duke of Genoa will probably be King of Spain. —At a fire in Toronto, Canada, on the 10th, 17th, two children were burned to death, and one fireman killed, and another fatally injured by the fall of a chimney. —Eugenie is again to set out for the East. —The Archbishop of Armagh is dead. —The cotton crop in Egypt is favorable. —Indians are murdering women and children in New Mexico. —The first through freight train from the East, for California, reached Alameda on the 16th. —Thirteen of the victims of the late terrible disaster at Avondale were interred in Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 10th, in the Catholic cemetery. The whole community participated in the obsequies. A squad of soldiers and a part of the Grand Army of the Republic preceded the procession; the funeral was the largest ever witnessed in this section; hundreds of miners appeared in the procession. Search for more bodies is still being made in the mine, but with little success. —It is proposed to light the Boston street lamps by means of electricity. —The course of the tornado is tracked from Norwich to Bangor. Its central line and force seem to have been from Newport to Rockland, Me. Its extreme height was about an hour. Its movement was about forty miles an hour. It struck Newport at half past four, Providence at five, Boston at six, Portland at half past eight. It swept out to sea from Rockland, though a line of it reached as far back as Bangor. Worcester did not feel it at all, Lowell but little. Its worst effects were on the coast; six wrecks off Saco, and like disasters elsewhere. It made church spires rock like boughs. Several in this city, it is said, swayed several feet, that kept their station. It is not probable that its like will soon be seen again. Those who saw the September gale of 1816 say this was the more severe. It was shorter—a tornado, rather than a gale.

Mr. Roberts, the well-known Baptist temperance man, and organizer of the Bay State course of lectures, had his pocket picked curiously on the steamer Bristol. A thief pushed aside the lattice of his state-room window, and thrust his hand into the pocket of his pantaloons, hanging on a nail, near the window, and helped himself to a fifty-dollar bill. *Mem.*—Don't carry fifty-dollar bills, and put your money and watch under your pillow.

### FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

**THE LATE BOAT-RACE.**—On the 30th ult., a grand banquet was given, in honor of the Harvard and Oxford crews, at the Crystal Palace, London. Among the many notables present was Charles Dickens, who was received with repeated rounds of applause, after which he made the following brief address:—

"A remarkable and affecting volume was published at the time of his last visit to America. That volume contained the biographies of 96 of the Harvard students who, at one time or another, bore arms in the service of their country. Nothing was more remarkable in these descendants of our forefathers than the invincible determination with which some of them fought against odds in the late war, and the dauntless spirit with which they sustained defeat. Who would say, after the contest of Friday, that Harvard was less true to herself in peace than in war? Who could fail to recognize, in the boat's crew, the leaven of her soldiers, and not feel that she has now a greater right than ever to be proud of her sons, and take them to her breast, when they return, with resounding acclamation? The Duke of Wellington said there was only one thing more than a great victory—a great defeat. But there was another sense in the use of the term. A great defeat! Such was the defeat of a handful of daring fellows, who made a dash of thousands of miles in order to meet the conquerors in their own domain (cheers), a defeat such as that which Harvard had sustained. (Cheers.) He regretted the absence of the Oxford men. (Only one was present.) He would not say much of them, good or bad. If anything was to be said to their disparagement, it was that they were so often. He thought that they could afford to lose, in the event of another contest. He was sure he expressed his own feelings, the feelings of Oxford, and the feelings of Englishmen, when he bid the Harvard a cordial welcome, and wished them God speed on their homeward journey. The victory might be the Harvard's next time. Meanwhile he assured them of an enthusiastic welcome at home, which would find an echo in every corner of England."

### GOSSIP GRAPHS.

—Two new weekly journals, promising well, are soon to appear in London. The first is to be a critical journal of literature, science, and art, to be called *The Academy*. Dr. William Smith, of encyclopaedia fame, will have much to do with the new

journal. Messrs. Macmillan have projected a journal, which will be called *Nature*, to be devoted to science. It is to be illustrated, and to contain news of scientific research and discovery, and articles and reviews on such subjects, to be contributed by all the best known scientists of England. In addition to these new papers, great improvements are to be made in *The Athenaeum*, besides the enlargement already announced. The staff of writers is to be increased, and the new principle of assigning a book or a theme to the person supposed to be best qualified to treat it, will be adopted.

—The heaviest storm of the season lately occurred in Central Iowa, and resulted in much damage. A freight train on the Rock Island Railroad ran on a small bridge, near Newton, Iowa, when the bridge gave way, precipitating the locomotive and two cars into the water. Barney Lock, the engineer, and Horace Snow, brakeman, were killed; and Charles Munoy, fireman, had his leg broken. The house of George Wheeler, near the same place, was struck by lightning, and Mr. Wheeler was instantly killed. At Mitchellville, eighteen miles east of Newton, three houses were struck by lightning, killing one man, and severely injuring two others.

—A curious scene was lately witnessed in Paris. A girl was observed on the street with a wooden leg under her arm, while a gentleman was calling to her from a window on the other side of the street, gesticulating fiercely, and demanding her return. To the large crowd which the scene attracted, the girl made explanation that she was washerwoman to the gentleman; that he would not pay her; that she visited his lodgings to demand her money; and that on his refusal she had taken possession of his wooden leg, purposing not to return it until she received her money.

—The artist who is to paint the driving of the gold spike on the Pacific Railroad sends to all persons known to be present for their photographs, as he wishes his picture to be as accurate as possible.

—The English papers state that the Prince of Wales has just returned from Wildbad. May he never return to wild bad.

—Lord Lytton's "Horace" will soon appear. It will have the original and the translation on opposite pages.

—Professor Kampschulte, of the University of Bonn, has written a work on "Calvin." He is the first Catholic who ever made such a treatise on the great Protestant expounder.

—Mr. Kinglake is going to the Crimea again, to settle some ugly questions that have arisen in the investigation of the history of the war.

—Victor Hugo, in his "Toilers of the Sea," translated the Frith of Forth into "La Première des quatre," under an impression that the Frith was originally the First of Four cliffs that marked the boundary between England and Scotland. This extraordinary blunder was noticed and ridiculed when the novel first appeared. It is now for the first time stated by a correspondent of the *London Daily News* that it was pointed out to Mr. Hugo before the work appeared. He persisted, however, in maintaining the truth of his theory, on the authority of a bulletin of the Paris Observatory, and stubbornly refused to make any alteration.

### Commercial.

MONDAY, Sept. 30, 1890.

The money market remains unchanged in its chief characteristics. Rates are firm, and on discounts range from 7 1/2 to 8 per cent and upward. Outside of their own customers, the banks are doing very little at less than 8 1/2 per cent, although some favorite names are still taken at 7 1/2. Call loans are generally held at 7 per cent. Governments are a shade firmer. The following are the latest quotations:—

6 1/2	7	7 1/2	8	8 1/2	9	9 1/2	10	10 1/2	11	11 1/2	12	12 1/2	13	13 1/2	14	14 1/2	15	15 1/2	16	16 1/2	17	17 1/2	18	18 1/2	19	19 1/2	20	20 1/2	21	21 1/2	22	22 1/2	23	23 1/2	24	24 1/2	25	25 1/2	26	26 1/2	27	27 1/2	28	28 1/2	29	29 1/2	30	30 1/2	31	31 1/2	32	32 1/2	33	33 1/2	34	34 1/2	35	35 1/2	36	36 1/2	37	37 1/2	38	38 1/2	39	39 1/2	40	40 1/2	41	41 1/2	42	42 1/2	43	43 1/2	44	44 1/2	45	45 1/2	46	46 1/2	47	47 1/2	48	48 1/2	49	49 1/2	50	50 1/2	51	51 1/2	52	52 1/2	53	53 1/2	54	54 1/2	55	55 1/2	56	56 1/2	57	57 1/2	58	58 1/2	59	59 1/2	60	60 1/2	61	61 1/2	62	62 1/2	63	63 1/2	64	64 1/2	65	65 1/2	66	66 1/2	67	67 1/2	68	68 1/2	69	69 1/2	70	70 1/2	71	71 1/2	72	72 1/2	73	73 1/2	74	74 1/2	75	75 1/2	76	76 1/2	77	77 1/2	78	78 1/2	79	79 1/2	80	80 1/2	81	81 1/2	82	82 1/2	83	83 1/2	84	84 1/2	85	85 1/2	86	86 1/2	87	87 1/2	88	88 1/2	89	89 1/2	90	90 1/2	91	91 1/2	92	92 1/2	93	93 1/2	94	94 1/2	95	95 1/2	96	96 1/2	97	97 1/2	98	98 1/2	99	99 1/2	100
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200																																																																																								

GENERAL BUSINESS.—Anthracite Coal is selling at \$10.60@11, and by cargo at \$9.25@9 per ton. Cotton has been very dull through the week, and prices have declined 2 1/2 cts. per lb. The demand for Flour throughout the week has been light, and prices generally are unsettled, and somewhat irregular. Southern Flour is dull, and there is very little demand. There have been sales in small lots of choice brands of St. Louis Flour at prices within range of quotations, but the market is not especially active. During the early part of the week the Corn market was dull, but it closed firmer. Oats quiet. There has been no change in Provisions and there is but little change except in supplying the retailers. Prices on choice grades of Butter are fully sustained, and the market closes firm. Cheese is firm. There continues to be a good demand for Eggs at 33 cents for Eastern. Potatoes are plenty, and are selling at the railroad at 60 c. per bushel.

### The Markets.

#### CAMBRIDGE MARKET.

CATTLE.—There was a general delay of the Live Stock trade, occasioned by the lateness of the trains by accident in the vicinity of Aston, Mass. The Vermont Central train ran into the Rutland and Burlington, killing nearly

a car-load of sheep, but fortunately not a scratch was experienced by the drovers. Stock over the Lowell road arrived on time. The market for Cattle early was a little quiet, buyers waiting to see the quality of the stock. Prices have ranged a shade off from last week.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—We have looked 7,356 head of Sheep. There is probably 1,000 more in addition to arrive. Many lots were sent direct to butchers to kill on commission. Prices to-day, on extra goods, have not depreciated in value. Common lots are quiet, and sold at a small margin. The confusion caused by the accident, and the shortness of time after arrivals, does not enable us to give as complete a report as we desire. P. B. Hancock sold 111 Sheep and Lambs at \$3.25 per head. Robinson & Ryford sold 120 Sheep at \$2.57 per head.

#### BRIGHTON MARKET.

CATTLE.—The market for good thick likely Steers was active, and closed out early on Wednesday, and many lots changed hands Tuesday afternoon, leaving a poorer grade of Texas Cattle in the market, that dealers were glad to dispose of at very near prices paid at Albany. According to all accounts, we are to have a large share of poor Cattle for some time to come. There is but slight demand at N. Y. market for this kind of goods, and if much is shipped to this market, present prices will break down on common grade, and an advance on good Cattle. This week there was no special change in prices until the close, when some lots sold were detrimental to owners' pockets.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Receipts 2,468, mostly Western, handled by Brighton butchers on commission.

#### CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Reported for *Zion's Herald*, by GEORGE J. FOX, for the week ending Sept. 14 and 15, 1890.

Cattle	Sheep and Lambs	Pigs
This week.....3,119	10,294	4,874
Last week.....3,827	12,267	5,312

**Prices of Market Beef.**  
Extra, \$12.00@13.50; first quality, 12.00@12.50; second quality, \$10.50@11.50; third quality, \$8.00@10.00.

**Prices of Store Cattle.**  
Working Oxen, per pair, from \$150@200, to 260@300; Milch Cows and Calves from \$35, 50@65 to 75@100, 115; Yearlings, 815 to 26; two years old, \$25 to 40; three years old, \$41 to 60; Western Fat Steers, live, 10 to 11 cents; dressed, 12 to 13 cts. per lb.; Store, whole sale, 11 to 12 cents; retail, 12 to 14 cents per lb. Columbia Co. N. Y. Pigs, 12 to 16 cts. per lb.

**Prices of Sheep and Lambs.**  
In lots, \$2.00@2.50, 3.00@3.50 each; Extra, \$3.75@4.25, or from 8 to 10 cts. per lb. Spring Lambs, \$3 to 4.50.

**Prices of Hides, Tallow, and Skins.**  
Brighton Hides, 9 to 10 cents per lb. Tallow, 7 1/2 to 8 cts. per lb. Country Hides, 9 to 10 cents per lb. Tallow, 7 to 7 1/2 cts. per lb. Pats, 50 to 75 cents each. Calf Skins, 22 to 25 cents per lb.

**Classification of Cattle and Sheep.**  
N. B.—Best Extra and First quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat Oxen. Second and Third quality includes Oxen, and two and three year old Steers.

**Sheep.**—Extra includes Corsels, and when those of inferior quality are thrown out.

**WINTER'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY and Grace's Celebrated Balm** have stood the test of long experience, and have come into general use. These articles are no quack nostrums, but genuine preparations, skillfully compounded, and well adapted to the class of diseases for which they are recommended. **SETH W. FOWLE & SON**, Boston, Mass., are the proprietors. Sold by all Druggists.

#### Business Letters Received to Sept. 15.

L. C. Burroughs, J. T. Benton; B. D. Eldridge; Wm. C. Gray; E. H. Hatfield; Thos. D. Hart; A. Hatch; F. H. Mitchell; M. Palmer, Chas. A. Palmer, D. F. Palmer, Wm. Pettenger; M. Wight.

#### Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters received from Sept. 11 to Sept. 13.

C. I. Aylworth; George W. Barber, Wm. Bryant, J. R. Baker; Wm. Cottle, E. B. Cushing, B. F. Corson, G. E. Chapman, M. A. Combs; E. Edson; E. M. Fowler, F. W. Farrell, C. P. Flanders; D. P. Leavitt, C. A. Le Croix, J. A. Locke, H. A. Lord, M. A. Lathbury, C. A. Morgan, P. Merrill, L. Montgomery, C. P. Murdoch, W. Newton, M. Osborne; C. L. Plummer, W. J. Post; N. F. Rogers; C. D. Stafford, M. R. Stone, Job Shenton, J. N. Stearns, R. S. Stubbs; A. Trafton, H. A. Torrey, Jr.; H. D. Wilson, I. Whitten, F. H. Waterman, A. W. Waterhouse, A. J. Willard, J. L. Webster, E. Ware.

JAMES P. MAHER, Agent, 5 Cornhill, Boston.

#### Marrriages.

In East Boston, Sept. 10, by Rev. L. J. Hall, Capt. Dennis H. Haskell, of this city, to Miss Margaret A. Pickering, of Chelsea.

In West Wareham, Sept. 2, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. George Peacock, Thomas B. Cann to Miss Aurelia Traster, both of Lawrence, Mass. In Montgomery, July 10, by Rev. J. J. Woodbury, Henry C. Kelso to Miss Martha S. Patterson, both of Montgomery; Sept. 2, at the residence of A. Roworth, of Westfield, to Miss Josephine M. Moore, of Montgomery.

In Wayne, Sept. 2, by Rev. J. Mitchell, Jonas Valmar, of New York, to Miss Olive B. Lane, of Wayne; Sept. 12, Moses W. Berry, of Vienna, to Miss Adelaide V. Lane, of Readfield.

In Beverly, Mass., Sept. 11, by Rev. J. M. Bailey, Benjamin F. Dodge to Mary F. Read, all of Beverly. In Saxtonville, Sept. 1, by Rev. L. Fish, Daniel E. Hubbard, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Rowena L. Tuttle, of Saxtonville.

In Gloucester, Sept. 8, by Rev. A. F. Herrick, Charles Henry Kendall, Jr., to Miss Ella F. Cook; Sept. 1, Knoc Cole, Jr., to Miss Ellen H. Gray.

In Hazardville, Oct. 6, by Rev. R. Parsons, Andrew Holford to Miss Margaret Gorton, both of H. In Newport, R. I., Aug. 19, by Rev. A. N. Roddick, Sidney D. Sayer, of Providence, to Miss Esther H. Wilkey, of Newport.

In North Prescott M. E. Church, Sabbath morning, Aug. 25, by Rev. O. W. Adams, George R. Page, of New Salem, to Miss Elmira C. Pierce, of Prescott.

In South Gloucester, Oct. 5, by Rev. M. Howard, George W. Chapman to Miss Sarah J. Paine, both of Gloucester; Sept. 6, Charles Hale of Gloucester, to Mrs. Abby Jane Holister, of Chatham.

In Calais, Aug. 8, by Rev. S. H. Deale, James Dean to Jenny L. Johnson, of Pembroke; Aug. 15, T. H. B. Trott to Sarah J. Craft, of Princeton; Aug. 22, Arthur P. Galley to Martha E. Bunker; Sept. 4, Lodwick M. Leod to Jane Fraser; Sept. 5, John A. Henderson to Maria Greenow, all of Calais.

In Cornish, Me., Sept. 5, by Rev. A. Cole, of the Congregationalist Church, Rev. Benj. F. Paine, pastor of the M. E. Church in C., to Miss Lydia E. Thompson, of C. At Centerville Church, Chicago, Aug. 31, by Rev. N. W. Aspinwall, assisted by Rev. R. M. Hatfield, Alonso Wygant to Miss Caroline S. Aspinwall, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Manchester, N. H., Sept. 8, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. D. O. Babcock, Ralph H. Goodhue, of Amesbury, Mass., to Miss Julia F. Miner, daughter of Geo. Miner, esq. of Manchester.

In Winthrop, Aug. 29, by Rev. H. C. Dunham, George R. Shattuck, of Malden, to Miss Harriet A. Tewksbury, of W.

In Oxford, Mass., Aug. 2, by Rev. Daniel Walt, Wheeler W. Wetherell to Miss Clara V. Esten, both of Oxford.

In Oxford, Mass., Sept. 6, by Rev. W. J. Hamblin, R. Clark Cunningham, of Millbury, to Miss Harriet J. Taff, of Oxford.

In Boston Highlands, Aug. 30, by Rev. J. J. P. Collier, Henry S. Hall to Mrs. Annie Osborn, both of Boston. In Cambridge, Sept. 7, by Rev. Pliny Wood, William Donnelly to Miss Mary J. Carson, both of Somerville.

In East Weymouth, Aug. 29, in the M. E. Church, by Rev. W. V. Morrison, Horace H. Vinton, of Worcester, to Miss Louisa M. Graves, of East Weymouth.

In Waltham, Aug. 24, by Rev. L. P. Frost, George W. Smith to Miss Frances A. Arnold, all of Sudbury; also, by the same, Clarence E. Davis to Ellen K. Mitchell, all of Waltham.

In North Charlestown, N. H., Sept. 8, by Rev. J. H. Hillman, Nelson A. Rich, of Mendon, Vt., to Miss Fannie McGrath, of Charlestown, N. H.

In Newbury, Sept. 1, by Rev. W. M. Ayres, Ezra B. Leonard to Miss Lizzie H. Hunt.

In Littleton, N. H., Aug. 10, by Rev. J. M. Bean, Joseph Stone to Miss Ellen Barry, both of Littleton; Sept. 1, John F. Fleming, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Helen M. Morse, of Littleton; Sept. 9, Church M. Fiddler, of Monroe, to Miss Mary J. Fiddler, of Littleton.

In Providence, Aug. 25, by Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, Albert Ingram, of Middletown, Ct., to Miss Mary A. Bittner, of Springfield, Mass.

#### Deaths.

In Ware, Sept. 8, Nellie, eldest daughter of Rev. G. F. and Bell E. Eaton, aged 8 years.

In South Malden, July 11, of pneumonia, Mrs. Harriet M. Pike, wife of the late Jacob W. Pike, aged 51 years, 2 months.

In Newtonville, Aug. 19, Clara E., only daughter of Charles L. and Rebecca A. Wilson, aged 11 years, 1 month, and 22 days.

In Saxtonville, Aug. 22, Walter Stone, aged 73 years. In West Sandwich, Mass., after a long and painful illness, Nettie F., daughter of Rev. S. F. and E. Whidden, aged 17 years. Nettie loved Jesus.

In Westbrook, N. H., Aug. 30, Nancy, wife of Calvin Buswell, aged 33 years.

In Canton, N. H., Aug. 11, Mr. Joseph Bickford, aged 81 years. Vermont and New York papers please copy.

In Derry, N. H., Aug. 29, Mrs. Jane A. Taylor, aged 70 years, 5 months, 14 days.

In Montgomery, Aug. 19, of diphtheria, Eunice, wife of Emory P. Moore, aged 38. She united with the M. E. Church last June, lived well, and died in peace. Her last words were, "There is a happy land; I shall soon be there." Aug. 28, Warham Moore, aged 63.

In East Corinth, Me. July 7, Olin Newton, son of Chauncey Cochran, aged 33 years.

In Groton, N. H., July 29, Marian Pillsbury, only child of Rev. Daniel J. and Anna M. Smith, aged 9 months and 20 days.

#### Church Register.

##### HERALD CALENDAR.

Norwich District Preschers' Meeting, time not fixed. Worcester Dist. Preschers' Meeting, Worcester, Oct. 5. New Bedford District Conference, Oct. 4-5. Dover Dist. Ministerial Association, and Sunday School Convention, Exeter, Oct. 5-6. Agamesset Preschers' Meeting, York Village, Oct. 11, 12, 13. Rockland Dist. Ministerial Association, Pittston, Oct. 18. Norwich District Preschers' Meeting, at Mystic Bridge, Oct. 25. St. Albans Dist. Ministerial Association, at Hydepark, Jan. 11.

##### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

SANDWICH DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.  
October—W. Sandwich, 2, 3; Monument, 1, eve, 2; Pocasset, 9, 10; W. Falmouth, 10; Falmouth, 16, 17; B. Falmouth, 17; Sandwich, 23, 24; Cotuit Fort, 29; Harston's Mills, 30, 31; Otterville, 31.  
November—A. Yarmouth, 6, 7; Yarmouthport, 7; Barnstable, eve, 7; S. Harwich, 13, 14; E. Harwich, 14; Chatham, 14, 15; Eastham, 20, 21; Orleans, 21; Wellfleet, 27, 28; Truro, 28.  
December—Provincetown Centre, 5, 6; Centenary, 6, 6; Mattaket, 11, 12; Edgartown, 15, 16; Chilmark, 20, 21; North Shore, 20; Holmes' Hole, 26, 27.

W. T. HARLOW.

WORCESTER DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.  
October—2, 3, A. M., East Pepperell; 5, P. M., Groton Junction; 8, Fitchburg; 9, 10, A. M., Lunenburg; 10, P. M., Townsend; 16, 17, A. M., Ashby; 17, P. M., South Royalston; 17, eve, Templeton; 22, 24, A. M., Winchendon; 24, P. M., Ashburnham; 30, 31, A. M., Clinton; 31, P. M., Leominster.

November—6, 7, A. M., Barre; 7, P. M., Hubbardston; 7, eve, Princeton; 9, Oakdale; 12, Ware; 13, 14, A. M., Monson; 14, P. M., Wales; 15, Ware; 20, 21, A. M., East Douglas; 21, P. M., Whitinsville; 24, Park Street;



NORWICH DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

October—Lebanon, 2, 3; Willimantic, evening, 3; Vernon, 4; Norwich, Sachem Street, 5; Central Church, Haddon Neck, 9, 10; East Haddam, 11; Colchester, 12; East Hampton, 16, 17; Portland, 19; South Glastenbury, 20, 21; East Hartford, 22; East Glastenbury, 23, 24; Mystic Bridge, 28; Mystic, 29; Hopkinton, 30, 31; Westerly, evening, 31.

November—Marblehead, 6, 7; Barnstable, 8; Norwich, East Main Street, 9; Greenfield, 10; North Church, 13, 14; New London, 16; Old Lyme, 19; Niantic, 20, 21; North Manchester, 27, 28; South Manchester, 29, 30, and evening, 28.

December—Montville, 4, 5; Gale's Ferry, 7; Unadilla, 11, 12; Hopewell, 17; Voluntown, 18; Griswold, 20; Baltic, 25, 26.

DOVER DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

September—Haverhill, 25, 26.

October—Lawrence, Haverhill, 2, 3, A. M.; Lawrence, Garden Street, 3, eve.; Methuen, 3, P. M.; Salem, Pleasant Street, 9, 10, A. M.; Salem, 10, P. M.; Salem (J. F. Stein), 10; Londonderry (E. Scott), 9, 10; Derry (E. Scott), 16, 17; Epping, 16, 17; Exeter, 23, 24, A. M.; Auburn, 24, P. M.

November—South Newmarket, 13, 14, A. M.; Exeter, 14, P. M.; Newmarket, 20, 21, A. M.; Dover, 21, P. M.

December—Great Falls, High Street, 4, 5, A. M.; Main Street, 6, P. M.; Rochester, 6; Hampden, 19; Greenfield, 12, P. M.; Portsmouth, 15; N. Danville, 19, 19, A. M.; Kingston, 19, P. M.; Amesbury, 26, 26, A. M.; Seabrook, 26, P. M.; E. Salisbury, 27.

TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC.

AN APPEAL.

Among the casualties caused, in Boston and vicinity, by the recent tornado, the destruction of the nearly completed church edifice, being erected on Broadway, South Boston, by the Centenary M. E. Church, is deserving of more than a passing notice, and expressions of even heart-felt sympathy.

This Church is composed of as earnest, self-sacrificing, and useful Christian laborers as can be found in the fields of our Zion. Until the present time they have occupied their original cause of worship, though by changes in the character of the population in its vicinity, its surroundings were unpleasant, and even annoying; and its capacity, by far too limited for the many who wished to worship there.

The Church does not embrace, in its membership, men of wealth, but intelligent, enterprising, prospering men, with considerably limited means. Impelled by the necessities of the case, these men undertook, and without asking for outside assistance, had nearly completed the erection of what would have been one of the most beautiful, commodious, convenient, and elegantly located church edifices in that lovely and thriving section of our city.

To do this, the members of the church and congregation had cheerfully taxed themselves, to an extent in proportion to their means, seldom equalled; providing even then for a debt upon the house as large as could be permitted with safety. They did, at least, all they could do, if not more.

This singular and unprecedented calamity is now upon them, and their beautiful house is a heap of ruins. To give up the enterprise, and remain for the present in their old church, is impracticable. Their responsibilities would far more than absorb all their resources. To stop where they are, is to give up this most needed and useful Christian agency. This the Christian public cannot afford to allow.

They cannot rebuild without aid, and that in large sums. It is simply impossible for them to do so. If their church can be put back where it was before the tornado, they are all right for a strong and successful church.

Will not a liberal Christian public show their practical sympathy with this afflicted sister church? Are there not men whom God has prospered, scattered all through our Zion, who can and will aid generously in this hour of need? One noble man, not of our Church, has headed the list with a subscription of one thousand dollars. Will not others respond promptly?

Subscriptions or donations may be sent to Orison Adams, esq., 61 Broadway, South Boston, or to J. P. Magee, 6 Cornhill, Boston. L. R. THAYER, Presiding Elder of Boston District. Newtonville, Sept. 16, 1893.

THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY of the M. E. Church desire that the Annual Conference, and all parties holding funds belonging to the Society will send in their collections to the Treasurer, Mrs. T. A. Rich, 706 Tremont Street, or to Mr. T. Gordon, 5 Cornhill, without delay. Two lady missionaries employed by this Society, will leave for India in October, and funds are needed to defray their expenses.

NOTICE.—The next meeting of the Providence District Ministerial Association will be held at Phenix, R. I., commencing Monday, Oct. 18, at 8 o'clock P. M. For Programme of the meeting, see Herald, Aug. 10. Warren, Sept. 17, 1893. S. C. BROWN.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its next meeting, Oct. 19-20, at Landaff. Monday Evening, Sermon by H. Chandler. Tuesday, 9 A. M., Business Meeting; P. M., Sermon by W. E. Bennett; Evening, Sermon by J. M. Durell. Wednesday, A. M., Business; P. M., Experience Meeting; Evening, Sermon by R. S. Stubbs. Essays: "History of Landaff Church"—A. B. Russell; "Christian Holiness"—L. D. Barrows. Exercises: 1. Thos. W. 18-18—H. S. Ward; Josh. xxiv. 15-15—K. Quimby. Sermons: John xv. 4—S. F. Lougee; Ps. cv. 15—L. L. Eastman; Matt. xvi. 18—H. A. Matteson. REVIEW: "Crede"—F. D. Chandler. Other ministerial brethren who can make it convenient, are urgently invited to attend, prepared on subjects of their own selection. J. M. BEAN, for the Committee.

ORIENT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.—The next session will be held at Jacksonville, commencing Oct. 4.

PROGRAMME: Monday Evening, Preaching by Rev. H. H. Clark; alternate, Rev. S. H. Beale. Further religious services to be arranged by Committee on Public Worship. ASSIGNMENTS.—"Future of Methodism in Eastern Maine"—S. H. Beale, H. A. Helmerhausen, J. H. Beale; "Our Duty with Reference to Benevolent Causes"—J. S. Townsend, S. Gross; "Objections to Swedenborgianism"—W. S. McKellar, A. Doten; "Doctrinal Preaching"—B. M. Mitchell, D. C. Blackwood; "Pulpit Mannerisms"—C. L. Plummer, Edward Brechett. W. S. MCKELLAR, Secretary. Columbia Falls, Sept. 15, 1893.

[Rev. J. H. Beale, of Cutler, Me., sends this appeal. If any brother desires to help a good cause without harming himself, let him communicate with Bro. Beale.] We are building a church (audience-room 35x50) in a thinly populated town—some one thousand inhabitants; no other church or society, save the last dying members of a Baptist Society. We have funds on hand more than half enough to build; estimate, \$3,000. If we can hire, at a fair rate of interest, on good personal security, \$1,000, we can finish this season, and dedicate. More than this, we can save it to us. If not, it will be a mortgage—half the Lord's, and half somebody's else. We want to hire for one or two years. Any parties who are willing to help us will please address Pastor of M. E. Church, Cutler, Me.

LOST BAGGAGE.—A trunk is in the baggage-room at Hartford, marked for "Williamette Camp ground." The owner can have it by sending his name and address. Geo. W. BAWSTER.

NOTICE.—A black water-proof cloak and hood was left in Landaff tent at the Bath Camp-meeting; also, a bundle was picked up, containing a glass, with double shirt, wrapped in a newspaper. I have them in my possession, at Landaff, and the owners can have them by notifying me. A. B. RUSSELL. Landaff, Sept. 13, 1893.

WORCESTER DISTRICT.—A Sunday-school Convention will be held in the M. E. Church at Brookfield—Rev. R. H. Howard, pastor—on Wednesday, Oct. 20, to which all are invited, especially all our Sabbath-schools and friends in the vicinity.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

9 o'clock A. M.—Religious Exercises, followed by brief Reports and Essays, and discussion on assigned topics. 1. How can we successfully influence our Church members and Friends, who neglect the Sunday-school, to attend?—G. R. Bent, S. A. Fuller; 2. "The Duty of the Sunday-school Respecting the Skeptical Denial of the Times"—G. Hewes, F. T. George. 12 o'clock P. M.—1. "The Methods of Awakening and Persuading Interest in the Minds of a Class in the Sunday-school"—J. W. Cole, E. J. Moore; 2. "How can we Best Save the Children and Youth to the School and the Church"—J. L. Locke, G. F. Eaton, G. M. Buttrick; 3. Bible-class Exercise, conducted by I. Mary. Lesson, Luke xv. 1-10. Evening, 7 o'clock.—Addresses. 1. "Relations and Responsibilities of Parents to Children and Youth"—C. A. True; 2. "Issues at Stake as Related to Sunday-school Work"—C. N. Smith. Wm. PENTACOST, Worcester, Sept. 9.

Business Notices.

PRETTY WOMEN. A comparatively few ladies monopolize the Beauty as well as the attention of Society. This ought not to be so, but it is; and will be while men are foolish, and single out pretty faces for companions.

This can all be changed by using Hagan's Magnolia Balm, which gives the Bloom of Youth and a Refined, Sparkling Beauty to the Complexion, pleasing, powerful, and natural.

No lady need complain of a red, tanned, freckled, or rustic complexion, who will invest 75 cents in Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Its effects are truly wonderful.

To preserve and dress the Hair use Lyon's Kathairon. 351 Sept. 23, 41

BURN'S PATENT NURSING BOTTLE. The most Perfect and Convenient Nursing Bottle in the World. We supply the trade with all parts of the Bottle separately when required, including Burn's Silver Wire Brush, which is of INESTIMABLE value to the Infant, as it keeps the Tube perfectly sweet and free from acid, especially in warm weather. Price of Braub, 10 cts. BURN & PERRY, Successors to M. S. BURN & CO., Wholesale Druggists, 36 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. June 10, 13

FOR SALE. A House and Lot in Auburndale, situated near the Essex Seminary, six minutes' walk from the depot, having delightful surroundings. The lot contains 1/2 acre laid out in lawn, garden and driveway. The house is a French roof Cottage, containing several rooms and a wash-room. Furnace, Gas, and Water in the house. There is also a Stable and Carriage-house of the same style as the house. Buildings new, and built in the most thorough manner. Improvements now begun near this place will greatly enhance its value. Price \$5,000 and no less. Apply at Herald Office. May 27, 13

DR. WARREN'S BILIOUS BITTERS, for purifying the Blood, curing Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Biliouness, Headache, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, and all Spring Complaints; for Cleansing, Strengthening, Invigorating, and Regulating the Human System, has no equal in the world. Sold by all Druggists.

BURN & PERRY, Wholesale Druggists, General Agents, 36 Tremont St., Boston. June 10, 13

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NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. Should the numbers warrant, the course will be continued in Music Hall. Sept. 23, 31

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN SINGING.

A class for elementary instruction in Singing will be formed in Bunnestad Hall Wednesday evening, Oct. 12, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Tickets for the course of ten lessons \$1. For sale by A. P. Peck, Supt. Music Hall, and at the office of the New England Conservatory of Music. Sept. 23, 41

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